

# The TATLER

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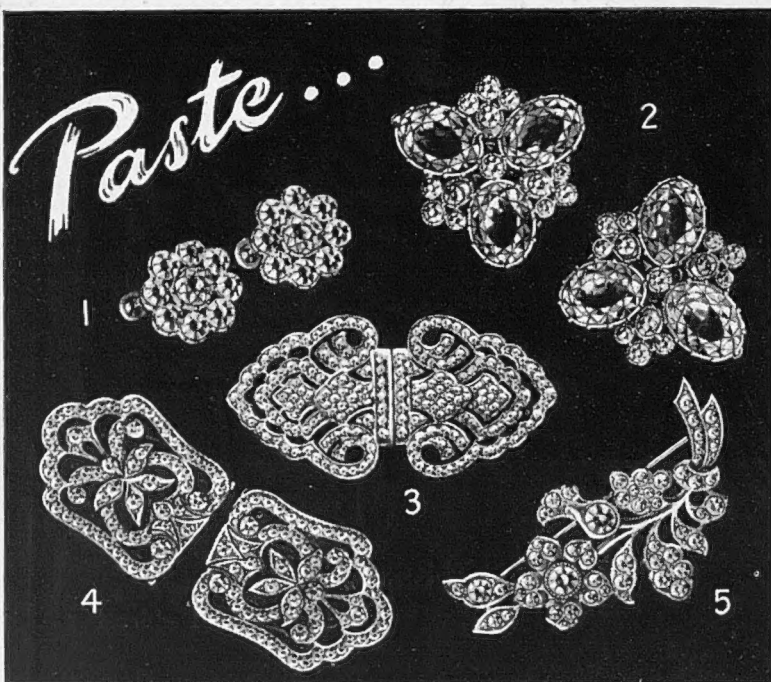
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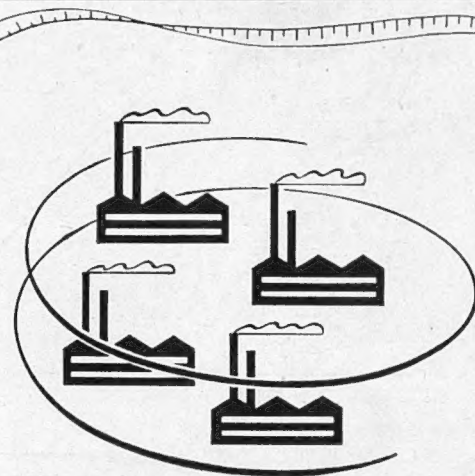
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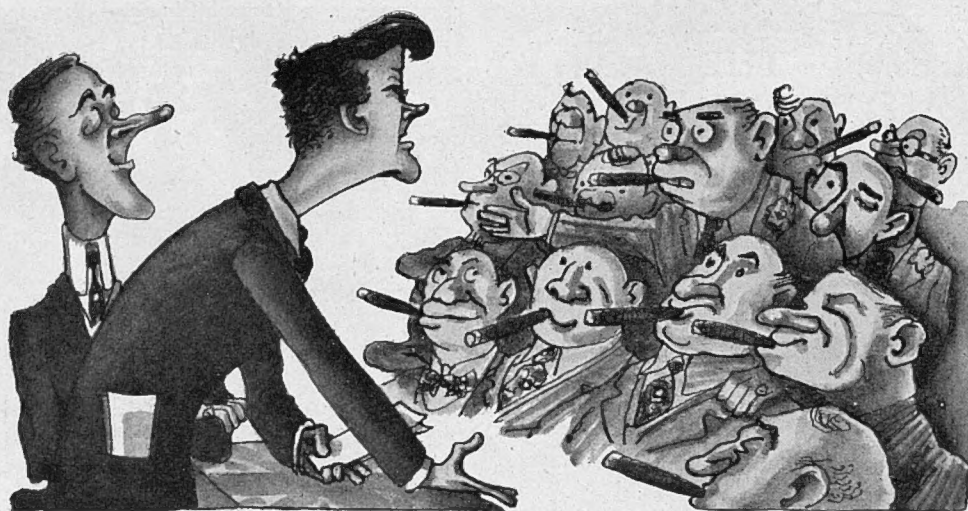
THE  
**TATLER**  
and  
**BYSTANDER**



Gordon Anthony

**C. B. COCHRAN'S YOUNGEST LEADING LADY: LIZBETH WEBB**

Lizbeth Webb has the leading part in "Bless the Bride," the new light opera by Vivian Ellis and Sir Alan Herbert, which C. B. Cochran is presenting at the Adelphi theatre. She is twenty-one and made a great success when she followed Carole Lynne as the heroine of "Big Ben" in C. B. Cochran's last production. The other star of the show is the young French actor Georges Guétary



Decorations by Wysard

Sean Fielding

## Portraits in Print

THERE was recently held in London a meeting at which many bookmakers were present. Its principal purpose is a matter of little or no interest to us; but there did occur an incident which I should be indeed mean-souled to keep hidden. "Mister Speaker," said one of the fraternity, "may I ask how it comes about that you are here asking us for money when the newspaper you work for told a gigantic lie about us over the Grand National?"

"A gigantic lie, sir?"

"Yes; your paper said we cleared a cool £1,000,000 over the race."

"And didn't you?"

"No, we didn't; it wasn't a ha'penny over £800,000!"

Into such confessions can a misdirected passion for accuracy lead a man, and we would all of us be wise to ponder the point—particularly in respect of wagers. It must, incidentally, have come as a most agreeable surprise to layers of odds that the bold Dr. Hugh Dalton left them out of his Budget as a means of raising fresh revenue; like a long line of chancellors before him, he found the subject too complex, too full of loopholes, too involved by the legislation which covers gaming. A sigh charged with the deepest regret must have issued from his lips as he knocked "Tax on Betting" off his list.

As a careful man, a persistent man and an erudite man, the doctor will doubtless have delved pretty thoroughly into the written word respecting betting. Did he, I wonder, come across the record of an action brought at the York Assizes in 1812 by the Rev. B. Gilbert against Sir Mark M. Sykes, Bt.?

At a dinner-party in his house, Sir Mark, in the course of conversation on the hazards to which the life of Napoleon Bonaparte was exposed, had offered, on receiving a hundred guineas, to pay a guinea a day as long as the Corsican lived. The reverend gentleman was convinced that here was the time to get in on a good thing; he suddenly closed with the proposal, sent the hundred guineas to Sir Mark and for the next three years received a steady guinea a day. This handsome arrangement could hardly be expected to continue for ever. Either his reverence would gracefully waive any further payments and thus show himself to be a sportsman of the first water (albeit a wholesomely enriched one), or Sir Mark would tire of the steady drain upon his purse and cry, Enough!

### A Certain Liveliness

AND Sir Mark it was who spoke first; he declined further payment. Whereupon the Rev. Gilbert indignantly put the matter to his lawyers and an action was brought for the fulfilment of the obligation. It was contended by Sir Mark's counsel that he had been surprised into the bet by the clergyman's hasty acceptance of it, and also that the transaction was an illegal one seeing that Mr. Gilbert, having a beneficial interest in the life of Napoleon, might, in the event of invasion, be tempted to use all means for the preservation of the life of his country's greatest enemy.

The jury found for the defendant; but on appeal a rule was granted by Lord Ellenborough to show cause why the verdict should not be set aside and a new trial granted, as in his lordship's opinion the fact of a contract

was clearly established, and unless anything of an immoral or impolitic tendency could be proved, the agreement must be supported. Upon this last ground the rule was ultimately discharged and a new trial refused, the judges finding that such a wager was illegal, from its tendency to produce public mischief. On the one hand (they said) an undue interest was created in the preservation of the life of a public enemy, and on the other, a temptation might be induced to plot the assassination of Napoleon, any suspicion of which ought to be carefully guarded against by the nation at large.

### Confession of Frailty

IT is not being here said that a perusal of this intriguing affair would have in any way helped Dr. Dalton; but it might at least have amused him—and the House of Commons, had he retailed it. Certainly something was needed to relieve the gloom engendered by the new tobacco tax, justified beyond all peradventure as it is. This blow, I find, has caused a sharp alteration in the travelling habits of at least some people. On my own observation the non-smoking carriages are now very crowded by (it is clear) unhappy smokers who dare no longer trust themselves in their usual smoker lest it break their resolutions to cut down upon their use of the weed. There they sit (and I among them), pale, nervous and ill at ease, staring solemnly at the passing landscape when they should be reading their morning newspapers, occasionally giving way to the furtive sucking of a boiled sweet.

Meanwhile, the better-breeched and those who have turned to other forms of economy while retaining their old smoking schedule, sit in ever greater ease and comfort in their accustomed seats. It must now be confessed that I suffered a weakening of the spirit (not to be repeated) and joined these gentry two mornings ago. The atmosphere in the carriage was perversely gay and inconsequential, and became unbearably so when one person—a former friend—took occasion to recall a very old comedy which was produced at Oxford. "In it," said this high-grade mediocrity, "there occurs a character called Phlegmaticus, dressed in a pale russet suit on the back whereof is represented one filling a pipe of tobacco, his hat beset round about with pipes, with a can of drink hanging at his girdle. He breaks into song as follows:

"Tobacco's a Musician,  
And in a pipe delighteth;  
It decends in a close,  
Through the organs of the nose,  
With a relish that inviteth.  
Etc. . . .

"Tobacco is a Lawyer,  
His pipes do love long cases;  
When our brains it enters,  
Our feet do make indentures;  
While we seal with stamping paces.  
Etc. . . .

"Tobacco is a Critic  
That still old paper turneth,  
Whose labour and care,  
Is as smoke in the air,  
That ascends from a rag when it burneth.  
Etc. . . .

"The etcetera," he added, "is, of course, the chorus—with which I will not bore you just now."



As well that he did not, for much more of it would have occasioned harsh words. As it was I left the carriage at Waterloo wishing that the great Benjamin Franklin, printer, diplomat, statesman and scientist, had carried out his once expressed intention of writing a little book under the title, *The Art of Virtue*. At this day and age it would be invaluable, I feel. Franklin, discussing the book, held that many people who live bad lives would gladly live good ones—"But they do not know how to make the change. They have frequently resolved and endeavoured it; but in vain, because their endeavours have not been properly conducted. To expect people to be good, to be just and to be temperate without showing them how they should become so, seems like the ineffectual charity mentioned by the apostle which consisted in saying to the hungry, the cold and the naked, 'Be ye fed, be ye warmed, be ye clothed,' without showing them how they should get food, fire or clothing."

And then, this impeccable line whereby we may take hope: "Most people have naturally some virtues, but none have naturally *all* the virtues." God bless you, Benjamin, for that.

#### Richard King

TATLER readers will hear with deep regret of the sudden death, at the age of sixty-eight, of Richard King Huskinson, whose pen name was "Richard King." He was a bachelor and member of a Nottingham family whose seat was Epperstone Manor. When his brother,

the late Edward Huskinson, was appointed editor of the TATLER in 1908 he selected Richard to write the book reviews under the title "With Silent Friends," and although this was his first venture into journalism his article soon became one of the most popular features of the paper.

By nature he was retiring and never sought publicity—so much so that although he was awarded the O.B.E. it was only at his death that even his intimate friends heard of the award. During the first World War he worked with energy and devotion for St. Dunstan's. Remembered there with affection as "Mr. H," he was a voluntary worker almost from its inception, and in 1917 became Adjutant of the College Annexe. The years that followed he always counted among the happiest of his life.

During the last war he lived in a caravan at Church Stretton, where he once again found an opportunity of helping the St. Dunstan's fellowship. Towards the end of the war he moved to Roedean, near Brighton, still maintaining contact through St. Dunstan's Brighton Home. He also took a great interest in the Chailey Home for Cripples, and raised a good deal of money for it.

Mr. Huskinson wrote several successful books, perhaps the most popular being that which derived its title from his book article, *With Silent Friends*. One of his nephews was Air Commodore Patrick Huskinson, who lost his sight while observing bomb explosions in 1941, and was awarded the C.B.E. in 1942.



Bassano

## TWIN DEBUTANTES—THE MISSES HOGARTH

The Misses Dinah and Judy Hogarth, eighteen-year-old twin daughters of Mrs. J. A. Hogarth and the late Major Hogarth, Grenadier Guards, were among the most charming debutantes at the first Queen Charlotte's birthday ball this year, and will be seen at many dances and parties this season. Their father died on active service in Italy in 1944. They have now returned with their mother to their London home in Chester Square, having spent the war years near Windsor

George Bilainkin.

## VISITING MIDDLE EAST

CAIRO.— Beneath the palm in the star-lit courtyard outside the grill-room at Shephard's Hotel, women are dancing to a haunting orchestra, and two or three miles away the lamps have been lit in the grille-protected offices of the chancery of the busiest British embassy in the world. Caviare (at 25s. a portion) has been served in the grill-room and eaten, but senior diplomatists are still studying the latest box of documents, secret, very secret, and top secret, sent by a colleague in another part of the collection of buildings that comprises the British mission in this Garden City.

Documents are sifted and re-sifted for submission to the head of the embassy, in the regal lodge round the corner—a curious, uneven, but astonishingly impressive structure. The last screen the boxes and documents have to pass before reaching His Excellency, Sir Ronald Ian Campbell, G.C.M.G., is the Second Secretary, ex-soldier Mr. Anthony Dove. He deals with the head of the chancery, and occasionally glances out for inspiration on a splendidly cultivated and fruitful garden.

AFTER our giant mission in Washington, the embassy in Cairo ranks about second, equal with Paris. Pages of the Egyptian diplomatic list are devoted to the names of Britons accorded special privileges, and the inclusive staff must total between 250 and 300. Undoubtedly much work remains to be done, some being best described as "clearance." Yet more work consists of striving to prevent the issue of Egypt versus Great Britain from reaching the Security Council in public assembly. For instance, there may be a report that on one of the many issues someone has produced a compromise. It has to be considered, and investigated.

Gone are the days since the last British Ambassador, Lord Killearn, retained the privilege granted before 1936, when we signed the treaty of alliance and his title was changed from High Commissioner, of having three aides-de-camp; the present ambassador's car is not "led" by a motor cyclist with a whistle and flanked by two outriders. Campbell is satisfied with an escort at the rear of the limousine. Killearn, by virtue of being the British Ambassador, was also doyen of the diplomatic corps. That has been changed to the procedure followed in other capitals.

KILLEARN was the tallest senior British diplomatist; Campbell is one of the shortest. Killearn was of vast build, bluff in manner. Campbell is of spare build, looks frail. In the light of inevitable events the tune has altered from fortissimo to subdued pianissimo. The contrast was considered essential, and the Foreign Secretary succeeded in prevailing on Campbell to leave his senior post in Whitehall and return to Cairo, after an interval of twelve years.

In his white decorated ground floor study, Campbell often ponders on the message that might have been sent by the Kitchener of Khartoum on the wall opposite, or by those great Britons, Cromer and Allenby, on adjoining walls. Near the luscious bougainvillaea can be seen the armed Egyptian sentry, other watchmen, British detectives by every gate inside the embassy grounds. And, at the back of the residence, the Nile flows on, as great a portent in history today as it was 5,000 years ago.



Sir Ronald Campbell, G.C.M.G., the British Ambassador in Cairo



## SHOW GUIDE

### Straight Plays

**Jane** (Aldwych). Comedy from Somerset Maugham's short story, with Yvonne Arnaud, Ronald Squire, Irene Brown and Charles Victor.

**She Wanted a Cream Front Door** (Apollo). Robertson Hare and Peter Haddon romp gaily through the intricacies of the divorce court.

**The Man From the Ministry** (Comedy). Very slick topical comedy with Clifford Mollison and Beryl Mason.

**The Guinea Pig** (Criterion). Humour and serious thought based on the Fleming Report on public schools. Excellent acting in a first-rate play.

**The White Devil** (Duchess). Robert Helpmann and Margaret Rawlings in a magnificently acted and produced revival of Webster's tragedy.

**Power Without Glory** (Fortune). Real life thriller with psychological angle and first-rate performances from all members of the cast.

**Born Yesterday** (Garrick). Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

**The Eagle Has Two Heads** (Globe). Jean Cocteau's drama with magnificent performances by Eileen Herlie as the queen of a remote country, and James Donald as her lover. This is theatre in the grand style.

**Present Laughter** (Haymarket). Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling satirical comedy for a twelve-weeks season, with Noel Coward and Joyce Carey in their original parts.

**The Winslow Boy** (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Emlyn Williams and Frederick Leister.

**The Old Vic Theatre Company** (New) in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *The Alchemist*, and *Richard II*, with Sir Ralph Richardson, Nicolas Hannen, Margaret Leighton and Alec Guinness.

**Othello and Candida** (Piccadilly). Jack Hawkins, Fay Compton, Anthony Quayle and Morland Graham with an excellent company in a revival of these two famous plays.

**Birthmark** (Playhouse). Mystery and suspense is the keynote of this play dealing with a reincarnation of Eva Braun, with Louise Hampton.

**Peace Comes to Peckham** (Princes). R. F. Delderfield's new comedy deals with the impact on Peckham of two returned evacuees from America. Most ably acted by Bertha Belmore, Leslie Dwyer and an enthusiastic cast.

**Donald Wolfitt's Shakespeare Season** (Savoy). With Jonson's *Volpone*. Donald Wolfitt, Frederick Valk, Richard Goolden, and Rosalind Iden.

**Call Home the Heart** (St. James's). "There are more things in Heaven and earth . . ." proves Clemence Dane in her new play, which has magnificent performances in it from Dame Sybil Thorndike, Valerie White and Leon Quartermaine.

**Fifty-Fifty** (Strand). A farce about a factory run by the workers in the form of the House of Commons, with Harry Green and Frank Pettingel.

**Now Barabbas** (Vaudeville). Brilliant acting in this moving and original play about prison life.

**No Room At The Inn** (Winter Garden). Freda Jackson as a sadistic woman in charge of evacuees. Powerful acting in a powerful play.

**Clutterbuck** (Wyndham's). Basil Radford, Naunton Wayne, Patricia Burke and Constance Cummings on a cruise which ends in amusing complications.

### With Music

**Bless the Bride** (Adelphi). C. B. Cochran's new musical operetta by A. P. Herbert and Vivien Ellis with Georges Guétary, Lizbeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

**Sweetest and Lowest** (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

**The Dancing Years** (Casino). Ivor Novello's famous musical romance revived with Barry Sinclair as the Viennese composer. A colourful production, and the evergreen music of this piece makes it as pleasant entertainment as ever.

**Perchance to Dream** (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

**Romany Love** (His Majesty's). Melville Cooper and Helena Bliss from America are the leading singers in this most pleasing operatic comedy in the grand tradition.



*The Budding Playwright, Roland Maule (Robert Eddison) gives the mature actor (Noel Coward) the benefit of his inexperience, while the secretary (Joan Swinstead) listens indulgently*

## At the

### "Present Laughter"

MR. COWARD's wartime comedy makes a stylish addition to our not very stylish peacetime gaieties. "Relax!" urges the brilliant actor's clear-eyed secretary; "Relax!" murmurs his tactful, protective wife; but it is we who relax. The great man, the darling of the gods, does not know how. And because he can no way stop his stage charm working at full pressure in private life we lean back with the comfortable sense of undergoing one of those delightful after-dinner rest cures in which the theatre used to specialize. A high theatrical intelligence is applying itself to the cure, and almost it persuades us that we have dined.

It may be allowed that three acts of sustained frivolity are not everybody's ideal of recreation. Some wilt under the strain of unrelenting superficiality, however witty it may be, and they may object that this particular piece tantalizingly envisages a situation which it refuses to meet.

No doubt the objection can be justified: we are indeed curious to know if there lurks a real man within the actor who has come to regard himself as a stage character and cannot help turning his private life into a succession of scenes. Mr. Coward refuses to satisfy our curiosity and the last act is largely dismissive; but then in what entertaining terms is the refusal made!

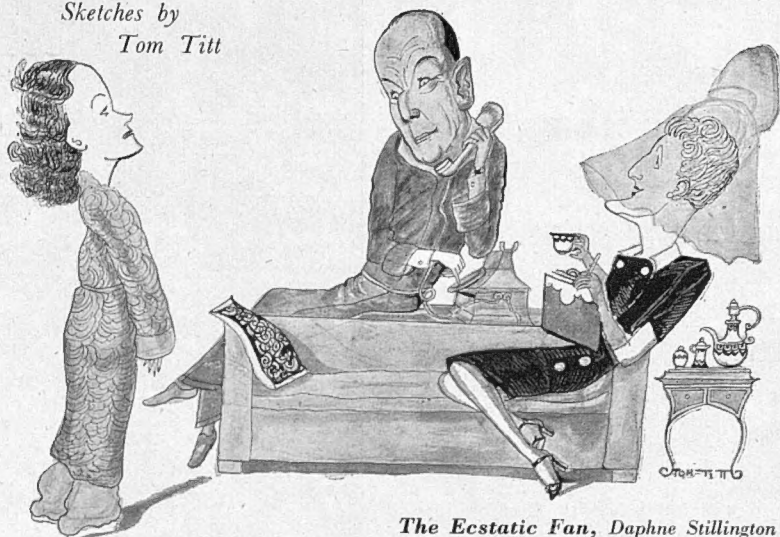
In terms of exquisitely judged stage tantrums and embarrassments; of modish banter, sparkling rudeness and bursts of plain speaking; of neatly invented farce smiling at its own neatness; of bland impudence, pat repartee and shrewd impertinence: the whole sauced with a wit that may not travel well but is of the theatre theatrical. Entertaining enough, surely, to soothe the nerves of the tired business man.

It is the brilliant characterization of the first act which exposes the other two to critical objection. The actor-hero, played with deep relish by Mr. Coward himself, is introduced as something more than a mere puppet of farcical comedy. His talent and the prestige appropriate to it are alike perfectly established,



*Noel Coward as Garry Essendine, the actor hypnotized by his own success, who turns every occasion into light comedy*

Sketches by  
Tom Titt



*The Ecstatic Fan, Daphne Stillington (Avis Scott) makes an unorthodox incursion into the actor's private life, to the quiet amusement of his coffee-sipping wife, Liz Essendine (Joyce Carey)*

# Theatre

(Haymarket)

and we do not wonder that all his dependants are admiring satellites and that pretty young women are constantly calling on him after parties in a flutter of distress because they have forgotten their latch keys and are temporarily homeless.

IF he unquestioningly accepted his privileges and was concerned only to turn them to comic advantage we should accept him, of course, as the gay young spark of a bedroom farce. But Garry, as Mr. Coward presents him, is not unaware that there is something wrong in "always watching oneself go by." He knows, too, that he uses his charm a little unscrupulously, and he appears to resent the inner demon that compels his histrionic reactions to life, his elaborate rages, his effective insolence, and his sudden calculated repentances and generosity.

Naturally such a character piques our curiosity. Mr. Coward, instead of enlightening us, deftly steers his hero through an inconsequent comedy which amusingly burlesques the regular features of Frenchified farce, depending on his conversational versatility to keep the house in a perpetual ripple of laughter. And his justification is that laughter never ceases to ripple as Garry, inconveniently seduced by the wife of an old friend (delicious burlesque, this scene!), finds himself set upon by two young women, and a wild highbrow youth who threaten never to leave him, and prudently returns to the protective comfort of his partially discarded wife.

THE piece is acted with all proper accomplishment. Mr. Robert Eddison makes glorious fun of the unsnubbable intellectual from Uckfield, and Miss Joan Swinstead as the critical but devoted secretary holds up a beautifully clear mirror to the grandeurs and miseries and follies of her employer. Miss Joyce Carey contrives to be both managing and amiable as the wife, and Miss Moira Lister both predatory and sweet as the interloper. As for Mr. Coward, he is exactly right in the part, naturally.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



*Moira Lister as the woman of affairs, Joanna Lyppiatt, with whose entrance comedy rapidly broadens into vintage farce*

## BACKSTAGE



DURING the coming months Anthony Hawtrey will produce an impressive list of new plays. They include *Here Come the Clowns* by Philip Barry, *The Mermaids Singing* by John Van Druten and *His Mother Killed Her* by Joan Temple, who wrote *No Room at the Inn*.

In a little over two years Hawtrey has achieved a remarkable record in management. It was in February, 1945, that he re-opened the blitzed Embassy at Swiss Cottage, since when he has presented some thirty plays there. Of these ten have been sent to tour the provinces and a further nine have been transferred to the West End.

Last June he took over the Playhouse at Buxton and has used it as a "nursery" for the Embassy. In March the Grand Theatre, Croydon, also came under his control. The administration of the three theatres, with their constant change of programme and the finding of outstanding new plays, is a formidable task in which Hawtrey is helped by his wife, Marjorie Hawtrey, and his producer, Wallace Douglas.

The theatres are a self-contained unit. They have their own scenic department under the direction of Henry Bird and Mary Purvis, and their own wardrobe which Mrs. Hawtrey supervises. And the Embassy is the only London theatre to have a playwright under contract. He is Ralph Picciotto whose *Blind Wilderness* is due for production shortly.

AT the Palace tomorrow *The Red Mill*, Victor Herbert's operetta, with a Dutch setting and a charming score, will introduce a number of artists new to this kind of entertainment. They include Andrew Leigh, long associated with the Old Vic and Shakespearean parts, Jewel and Warris, the variety pair, Maudie Edwards, the radio favourite and the Four Pergolas, speciality dancers.

It will be some time before that other American musical success, *Annie Get Your Gun*, is seen at the Coliseum. The delay, Emile Littler tells me, is due to the fact that the dancing sequences which are a feature of the show require a lot of preparation. Producers and other experts in such matters have already arrived from New York and dancers are in rehearsal, but that is as far as the production has arrived up to the moment. Meanwhile, variety continues to fill the Coliseum bill.

THE outstanding success of Noel Coward's *Present Laughter* reminds me that three young people originally associated with it have since risen to stardom.

One is Phyllis Calvert who, then quite unknown, was rehearsing for the ingénue part when the outbreak of the war caused production to be postponed. The others are Dennis Price who played a minor role when it was staged in 1943 and James Donald who played the gauche young man from Uckfield and is now leading man with Eileen Herlie in *The Eagle Has Two Heads*.

LATEST playwright discovery is James Aldridge who wrote *The 49th State*, the new production at the New Lindsey Theatre Club. This good-looking young Australian who was educated at Oxford and the London School of Economics has crammed a lot of exciting experience into his twenty-nine years. As a war correspondent from the outbreak of hostilities he covered the fighting from Finland, Poland and the Russian front to Egypt. He has written three successful books but this is his first attempt at playwriting.

RAPIDLY making a name as a stage designer Michael Warre, a leading member of the Old Vic company at the New, has a hat trick of current productions to his credit—*Richard II* for the Old Vic, *Othello* at the Piccadilly and *Back to Methuselah* at the Arts. And he is kept pretty busy for eight performances a week with the Old Vic company.

Warre, who is twenty-five and a grandson of the famous Eton head Dr. Warre, sprang into notice during the last Old Vic season for his dashing, virile Prince Hal and he has since consolidated his success by a varied round of parts this season.

Beaumont Newhall

JAMES AGATE

# At The Pictures

## Raimu Again

I REMEMBER an evening I spent at Collins's Music Hall some time in 1921. The principal turn was that of George Carney, a great comedian who has now, alas, declined to the films. The first of his two "song-scenas" was a study of grandeur and decadence, of magnificence on its last legs, dandyism in the gutter, pride surviving its fall; in plain English, a tale of that wreckage of the Embankment which was once a gentleman. George wore a morning coat which, in spite of irremediable tatters, had obviously known the fashionable side of Bond Street, had yet some hang of nobility. The torn trousers still wore their pattern with an air.

There was something authentic, something inherited, something ghostly about this seedy figure. Trailing clouds of glory did it haunt the Embankment. The ebony cane, the eyeglass with the watered ribbon, the grey topper of the wide and curling brim—all these fond accoutrements of fashion brought back the delightful nineties, so closely were they the presentment, the counterfeit presentment, of the swell of those days. "Bancroft to the life!" we muttered. And our minds went back to that bygone London of violet nights and softly-jingling hansom cabs, discreet lacquer and harness of cheerful brass—nocturnes, if ever such things were, in black and gold—the London of yellow asters and green carnations; of a long-gloved *disease*, and, in the photographer's window, a delicious Mrs. Patrick Campbell eating something dreadfully expensive off the same plate as Mr. George Alexander; of a hard-working Max Beerbohm with one volume of stern achievement behind, and all Time before him; of a Café Royal where poets still forgathered; of a score of music-halls which were not for the young person. . . .



Laraine Day is the heroine of "The Locket," a penetrating and dramatic study of obsessional neurosis, in which Brian Aherne and Gene Raymond also star

THE matter was not very much above our heads—something about a Count who had "taken the count." The purest stuff of the music-hall, as a music-hall song should be. "There's a n'ole 'ere!" piped with fierce glee a cherub bootblack, bending over the broken footgear and abating in deference to the one-time swell no jot of his Trade Union rate of "frip-pence." How it hurt, the contempt and raillery of this pitiless infant! *Enfant goguenard* if ever there

was one, a capitalist in his small way, and with all the individualist's scorn of failure. "There's a n'ole 'ere!" he repeated, and we were reminded of Kipps's tempestuous friend, "a nactor-fellow." "Not a n'ole—an aperture, my dear fellow, an aperture," corrected the client, "the boots were patent, but the patent's expired."

Here the Count dropped his cigar and indulged in unseemly scuffle with the urchin. "No, you don't," said the elder smoker, regaining possession, "that's how I got it." But the child had yet another arrow. "Landlady says as 'ow you've got to share beds wiv a dustman." But the shaft failed to wound; clearly our hero was of the Clincham mould to whom social distinctions were as "piffle before the wind." "Want a pyper?" goaded the boy, and his client laid out his last remaining copper. He unfolded the sheets and instinctively ran his eye over the fashionable intelligence. "Know Colonel Br'th'l'pp at all?" he inquired—the touch of the man of the world anxious to put a social inferior at his ease. "Doing very well in Russia. Was up at Cambridge with his brother, the elder Br'th'l'pp, don't cher know." And so to babble of the day's gossip to the scornful child at his feet. The courtesy, one thought, of one man of polish to another. Night fell, the river put on its jewels, the result of a cunning arrangement of n'oles and n'apertures in the back-cloth, it became very cold. With stiff upper lip, our *déclassé* shivered, drew his rags more closely about him, moved on. The child gazed after him in contempt.

Now shall we try something in French?

—Garçon! cria l'étranger en tirant la sonnette avec une violence formidable, des verres pour tout le monde; du grog à l'eau-de-vie chaud, fort sucré, et qu'il y en ait beaucoup. L'œil endommagé, monsieur? Garçon, un bifteck cru, pour l'œil de monsieur. Rien comme le bifteck cru pour une contusion, monsieur. Un candélabre à gaz, excellent, mais incommode. Diablement drôle de se tenir en pleine rue une demi-heure, l'œil appuyé sur un candélabre de gaz. La bonne plaisanterie, hein! Ha! ha! Et l'étranger, sans s'arrêter pour reprendre haleine, avala d'un seul trait une demi-pinte de grog brûlant, puis il s'étala sur une chaise, avec autant d'aisance que si rien de remarquable n'était arrivé.

Name of translator? P. Grolier. Name of original English author? Charles Dickens. Name of the gentleman who ordered the hot brandy and water and drank most of it himself? Alfred Jingle.

ADD to Mr. Carney's broken-down swell, now polishing shoes for a living, a dash of Dickens's immortal philosopher at the age of sixty, and inform the mixture with the genius of Raimu, whose loss gets less and less bearable, and you will have perhaps some slight notion of *Monsieur La Souris* (Studio One).



Loretta Young breaks new ground in "The Farmer's Daughter," in which she plays the part of a country girl who, seeking adventure, finds herself caught up in the intrigue of shady local politicians. The contrast with her previous films, for example, "The Stranger" and "And Now Tomorrow," is piquant. Others with her in "The Farmer's Daughter," are Joseph Cotten, Ethel Barrymore and Charles Bickford

The film itself is perhaps no very great shakes judged by the highest French standards. Judged by any others, it is a little masterpiece. Consider the story. Doorman, shoeblack, newspaper seller and hawker, the hero is a very odd figure, but is regarded benevolently by policemen who enjoy his sly wit and sallies. One evening, observing a luxurious car drawing up to the kerb, he runs forward to open the door for the passenger, and the body of a man in evening dress falls out. He props the body back on to the car seat, and runs for help to a restaurant nearby. As he returns with a page boy they see the car being driven away apparently by the dead man.

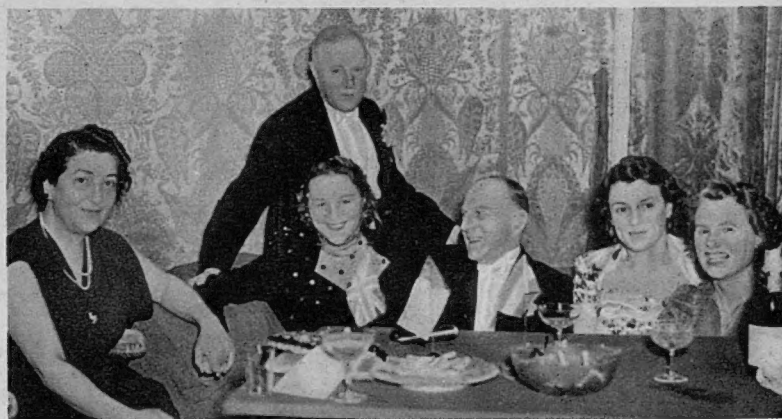
A LITTLE later La Souris picks up a wallet near the spot. The wallet is full of banknotes but there is nothing in it to identify the owner. La Souris takes counsel of his old friend, Cupidon, and on Cupidon's advice he puts the banknotes into an envelope and deposits it with the police in the hope that if this little fortune is unclaimed after the lapse of a year and a day, it will be his. . . . Does he ever come into the money? It would not be fair to tell. Improbable, fantastic, this tale, like all Georges Simenon's, bristles with life. Raimu's *La Souris* is in the grand tradition, from the scamps of Molière, taking a line through the rogues of Balzac, and culminating in the intoxicating cheats of Sacha Guitry. And always there is Raimu the great actor, the Provençal, the man who finds all life good and exists, as Stevenson said of one of Dumas's genial rogues, "because other men are."

# CONSULS AT SOUTHAMPTON GIVE A BALL

Over 150 guests of many nations attend a brilliant occasion at Paultons, a Georgian country-house hotel near Romsey, Hants



Mr. and Mrs. Hemsley-Bell with Major and Mrs. Coles were among the guests. It is hoped to make the ball, which was a great success, an annual event



Mrs. R. Biddle, Mme. Kolb-Bernard (Alice Delysia), wife of the French Consul, Mr. Cotterell, J.P., Dr. Slaney and Mrs. Swindell. (Behind) Col. P. M. Brooke-Hitching



Mr. W. H. Beck (U.S. Consul-General), Mrs. R. Stranger, the Mayor and Mayoress of Southampton, Mrs. W. H. Beck and Mrs. W. Calder. (Standing) Major R. Stranger, M.C. (Deputy Mayor), and Mr. W. Calder (U.S. Consul)



Mr. L. P. Smith, Jun. (American Vice-Consul), Miss Robinson, Mrs. Willard Calder, Mr. Willard Calder, Mr. E. Leppard, Mrs. Sawbridge and Major C. Sawbridge in the magnificent drawing-room



Mr. P. Filer (extreme right), Consul-General for Sweden, and his party



Philipps, Southampton  
Another large party was brought by Mr. H. Burnett, Consul for Greece



*Taking the water jump in the Foxhunters' are Lord Mildmay, leading on Mr. M. Tree's Roscar, which finished third, followed by Mr. Williams' Wrenbury Tiger, ridden by Mr. M. Moseley, and Mrs. L. Carver's At Ease, ridden by Mr. McCarthy. The meeting was favoured with perfect weather*

## BRILLIANT SUNSHINE FOR THE CHELTENHAM SPRING MEETING



*Countess Beauchamp, Lady Claud Hamilton, the Countess of Munster and Lord Stavordale*



*Mr. Peter Oldfield and his wife, Lady Elizabeth Oldfield, who is a daughter of the Earl of Dunmore*



*Lady Digby, wife of Lord Digby, with Mrs. Barker and Major Barker*



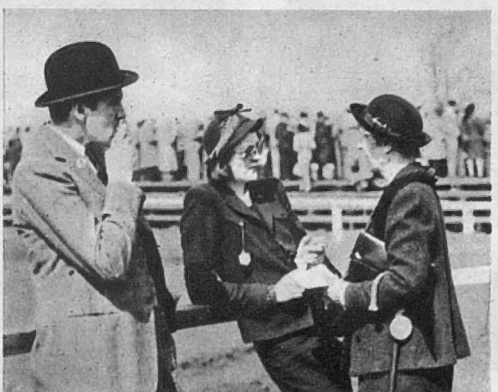
*Major Metcalfe and the Hon. and Mrs. Philip Kindersley. Mr. Kindersley is Lord Kindersley's younger son*



*Miss Sarah Strickland and Miss Gillian Loder were both following the racing with interest*



*The Earl and Countess of Normanton, who were married in 1944*



*Mr. Stephen Vernon, Lady Ursula Vernon, who is the Duke of Westminster's elder daughter, and Mrs. E. A. Miller*



*Mr. Humphrey Humphries and the Hon. Winifred Ponsonby, Lord and Lady de Mauley's younger daughter*



*Lady Mary Cambridge, Mrs. R. S. Moore and the Marchioness of Cambridge*



Taking the first jump in the Nomination Open Race: Major J. R. Hanbury, Mr. A. G. Delahooke on Cappadocia, Lord Burghersh on Sleva Raigh, Major M. Vernon, the winner, on Prince Auto, and Mr. C. R. Latham on Social Success. The races were held at Wing, Bucks



Miss M. Delfosse, on Irish Bachelor (left), taking the first fence ahead of Silver Star in the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Fare, which she won

## The Whaddon Chase Point-to-Point



Mrs. H. T. Morton, wife of the Master, and the Hon. Mrs. Faulconer, sister of Viscount Knutsford



Mrs. McCorquodale, wife of Brig. N. McCorquodale, Miss M. McCorquodale and Mr. E. McCorquodale



Mr. I. Bickerton, the winner, taking the last fence in the Adjacent Hunts Maiden Race on Line Tor (right), with Mr. Brian Costin on Cabin Boy



Miss Henderson, Miss Morton and Major H. T. Morton, who is the Master of the Whaddon Chase



Miss Maureen Meyrick-Jones, Miss Diana Gosling, Mrs. Beaumont, Major M. W. Beaumont and Miss Eileen Meyrick-Jones



Competitors in the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race taking a ditch fence. There were eleven entries in this event



The Earl of Rosebery, for many years Master of the Hunt, with Mr. and Mrs. Stanley White and Mrs. Price



Lady Helena Hilton-Green, a sister of Earl Fitzwilliam, discussing the programme with Mrs. Gibson and Mr. Bryan Parry



Miss R. Barratt, Miss J. Cumming, Mrs. S. Barratt and Mrs. M. Cumming, and (at back) Lady Veronica Cadogan and Mrs. C. Leatham



Major Anstruther Gray, Lady Stratheden and Campbell, wife of Lord Stratheden and Campbell, and her daughters, the Hon. Clayre and the Hon. Fiona Campbell



The Border Hunt Hold Their Point-to-Point at Drakemyre,

Fiona Thomson, Mrs. Ronald Thomson, Viscountess Maitland, daughter-in-law of the Earl of Lauderdale, and her daughter, the Hon. Anne Maitland

**I**N glorious sunshine Cheltenham staged the greatest day's steeplechasing I personally have ever seen. The three highlights of the National Hunt Festival (which had to be abandoned owing to snow and frost), the Cheltenham Gold Cup, the Champion Hurdle Challenge Cup and the National Hunt Steeplechase, usually run on three separate days, were all included in the first day's programme of the spring meeting. This was a Saturday, and as was to be expected, the crowd was terrific, and long before racing started even the members' car-parks were full.

Cars were left by the side of the road for miles around, when their owners and friends decided the only hope of seeing the first race was to walk. Not only spectators, but jockeys also, had to take to their feet, and Mr. Dickie Black had to run most of the way from his car to be in time to ride Celtic Cross in the first race. His efforts were not fully rewarded, as Celtic Cross was narrowly beaten a neck by Mr. S. Banks's Lucky Purchase, ridden by Mr. M. Nichols; but Mr. Black's luck was soon to return. He rode four winners, including Lord Grimthorpe's Fortina in the Lancashire Steeplechase at Manchester at the beginning of the week, and shortly afterwards he rode Fortina to victory in the Gold Cup, beating the Hon. Dorothy Paget's Happy Home (the favourite) and Lord Bicester's Prince Blackthorn, which was third, with the much-talked-about French entry, Fabiano, fourth.

**F**ORTINA is French-bred, being by Formor out of Bettina, but has been trained in this country for the past three months by Mr. Hector Christie, who turned him out looking a picture. This was a very popular win, both owner and trainer having a host of friends. Lord Grimthorpe is also a steward at the meeting and a keen follower of racing under both rules, and has now got a nice stud together at his Yorkshire home. He was in the paddock before the big race with Lady Grimthorpe, who looked very attractive in grey, and also Lady Jean Christie.

Other owners I saw watching their horses parade were the Comte de Rochfort, talking to Lord Willoughby de Broke; Lord Bicester with his trainer, Mr. Reg Hobbs; Mrs. Wilson, in an ocelot coat, watching Rearmament, with her husband and Mr. George Beeby; the Hon. Dorothy Paget, and Mr. Jakey Astor, watching Chaka with Lord Mildmay, who is another steward at the meeting, and who rode a second and third that afternoon. Sir Peter and Lady Grant-Lawson and Mr. and Mrs. Keith Cameron were others in the ring.

The Champion Hurdle, which came next, was won by Mr. Abelson's National Spirit, with Le Pailion, owned by Mme. L. Auroisseau, second, and Lord Bicester's Freddy Fox third. Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, looking very attractive in fawn, was watching this race with her tall son David and the Earl of Westmorland, and nearby I saw the Countess Munster, in a neat check suit, and Mrs. Peggy Dunne wearing dark glasses,

as were Lady Elizabeth Oldfield, Miss Jane Healing, Mrs. John Lawson and others.

**T**HIS race was followed by the four miles National Hunt Steeplechase, which is for amateur riders only. There were twenty starters and tremendous cheering in the stands when Major Dermot Daly went past the winning-post on Mr. G. J. Wells's Maltese Wanderer 10 lengths in front of Mr. J. Bosley on Mr. George Clover's Soda II., with Lord Bicester's Parthenon, ridden by Lord Mildmay, third. Major Daly won the same race last year on his own horse, Prattler. Part of this race is run behind the stands, so many people climb up on to the highest stands above the boxes, where one may see over the paddock and the whole way round the course.

Up there for this race were the Marquess and Marchioness of Abergavenny and their elder son, the Earl of Lewes; Lady Mary Herbert and her younger brother, the Hon. John Fox-Strangways; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Whigham, Major Maurice Kingscote with his son-in-law and daughter, Major and Mrs. Hugo Brassey; Lady Lettice Ashley Cooper, Mr. Tony Hickley with his sister Jane, and the Earl of Fingall. Many people brought their children, and I noticed Mrs. Robin Wilson with her son, Mrs. Douglas Forster with her little daughter, Tessa, Mrs. Geoffrey Brook with her tall son, Denis Stewart, and Mrs. George Beeby with her son.

**O**THERS in the tremendous crowd were Lady Cromwell, in green, the Countess Beauchamp, over from nearby Madresfield, Lady Claud Hamilton, very good-looking in one of the newest hats, Viscount Stavordale, Lady Newtown Butler, wearing a bright yellow hat with her mink coat, Mrs. Partridge, Mrs. Denis Russell, just back from a visit to South Africa, Major Carlos Clark and his wife, who wore navy blue with a white wool stocking cap, Mr. Bill Scott, the Master of the North Cotswold hounds, Mr. John Healing, who also lives quite near, the Marchioness of Cambridge with Lady Mary Cambridge, Col. and Mrs. Jack Starkey, Lord and Lady Digby, Brig. and Mrs. Jack Speed, Mr. Stephen Player, Master of the V.W.H. (Cricklade), with his attractive wife, who was in a bright red coat and hat, the Hon. Winifred Ponsonby, Mrs. Tommy Hickman, the Hon. Philip and Mrs. Kindersley, Mr. and Mrs. John Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Wiggins,

Lady Willoughby de Broke, very pretty in a felt Dutch cap and spring suit, Mrs. Dick Harrap, Mrs. John Morant, Miss Mary Emmett, who had come with her aunt, Sybil Lady Portman, and her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Petre, the Earl and Countess of Normanton, Mr. Stephen and Lady Ursula Vernon, Mr. Arthur Smith-Bingham and his son Charles, Miss Rosemary Agnew, looking very pretty, with her brother, Mark, who is a naval cadet, and Col. and Mrs. Pat Stewart.

**O**NE of the first really lovely spring days made a perfect setting for the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. John Moores' elder daughter, Betty, to Mr. Kenneth Suenson-Taylor, only son of Sir Alfred and Lady Suenson-Taylor, at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

The bride, who is fair, wore a white slipper-satin gown with a square, pearl-embroidered neckline and tulle veil held in place by a small coronet of orange-blossom. She was attended by her cousin, Simon Brierley-Jones, and her sister, Janatha Moores, who looked sweet with her long blonde hair, Miss Barbara Clegg, another cousin, Miss Monica Suenson-Taylor, the bridegroom's sister, Miss Elizabeth Hunter and Miss Eithne Garry.

At the reception Mr. and Mrs. Moores received the guests in one room, with Sir Alfred and Lady Suenson-Taylor in an adjoining room, as there were so many guests, and this very good idea worked wonderfully and avoided congestion. Among those I saw were the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Louise Moores, in brown, the bridegroom's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Robbert of Copenhagen (Mrs. Robbert is Lady Suenson-Taylor's sister), Lady Travers Clarke and her daughter Betty, Lady McFadyean and her daughter Anne, Mr. Harold Kirwan-Taylor, Mr. Charles Taylor, the Member for Eastbourne, and his wife, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, just back from the South of France, Miss Maureen Millar, Mary Countess of Clancarty, Sir Thomas and Lady Bethell, Lady Caroline Drummond, Mr. and Mrs. Clement Davies and their son, who was down from Cambridge, Prince Galitzine, Lady Forrest and Mr. and Mrs. Kenny.

**T**HE County Ball in aid of the West Sussex County Federation of Young Farmers' Clubs, which was held at Buchan Hill (Cottesmore preparatory school), lent by Mr.

*Janifer writes*

## HER SOCIAL



Clapperton, Selkirk

## Cockburnspath

*Lady Dunglass, wife of the Earl of Home's son and heir, and her eldest daughter, the Hon. Caroline Douglas-Home*

*Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton, the Earl and Countess of Haddington's only daughter, and Mr. Marcus McCausland*



Harcourt, Paris

*Miss Neelia Clotilde Plunket is the elder daughter of the late Hon. Brinsley Plunket and of the Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket. Her mother is a daughter of the Hon. Ernest Guinness*

# JOURNAL

and Mrs. Michael Rogerson while the boys were away for the Easter holidays, was a great success.

Between 250 and 300 people attended and danced in three large adjoining oak-panelled rooms. Supper was a very gay affair in the large gym, bright with decorations of bunting and lovely floral pieces by Mrs. T. Norris's head gardener.

Among those who brought parties were Viscount Cowdray, Lady North, Sir Edward Howarth, Col. and the Hon. Mrs. W. Burrell, Sir Henry Price, Col. T. R. Warren, Col. D. S. Van den Bergh, Capt. Robinson, Mr. A. H. Halsey, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Endeman, Mr. R. G. Upton, Miss Angela Candell, Mr. L. M. Anderson, Miss P. M. Trueman, Miss Jane Gear, Mrs. Snagge, Miss J. D. Amblen, Capt. F. L. Hunt, Capt. N. Martin-Bird, Miss Sheila Cox, Mr. N. Pett, Mrs. M. W. Seaward, Mr. John Garner, Mrs. Charles Denman, Mrs. M. Matthews, Mr. T. M. Eggar, Mr. T. N. Trueman, Miss Hilary Moore, Mrs. Maule, Mrs. Uniacke, the Rev. F. and Mrs. Redford.

I hear that there will be approximately £200 to credit to County Federation Funds from this dance.

While writing about a Sussex ball, I would like to say that the names under one of the pictures at the Chiddingfold and Leconfield Hunt Ball which we published in THE TATLER on March 12th should have read "Capt. and Mrs. Ralph Edwards; Mrs. Andrew Yates and Mrs. Robert Taylor," and not "Capt. and Mrs. Edward Yates and Mrs. Robert Taylor."

**H**IS EXCELLENCY THE CHINESE AMBASSADOR, accompanied by Mme. Cheng Tien-Hsi, attended a recent Sunday night party given in aid of the British Aid to China Fund. With the spring weather, flag days have come into their own again. On Sailors' Day Mrs. A. V. Alexander is always one of the leading personalities, and this year on the eve of Sailors' Day she dined with Sir Graham and Lady Cunningham at the Hungaria Restaurant, and after dinner made a most impressive speech asking everyone to give generously, and over £200 was soon collected by pretty Miss Patricia Fox, who was in the party—a good send-off for the following day. Other guests with Sir Graham and Lady Cunningham that night were Sir Geoffrey and Lady Shakespeare, Mr. Eric

Hale and his son, Mr. and Mrs. Riley, who had come up from Warwickshire, and Miss Snell. At a nearby table Sir Lacey and Lady Vincent were dining with Mr. Fraser Garioch and Miss Jean Colin.

Seeing Lady Shakespeare reminded me of another flag day coming along in the near future. This is Lifeboat Day, which is to be kept on May 20th. Lady Shakespeare and Mrs. Bertram Abel Smith both work hard in the Central London District for this great cause, and are both in charge of flag-selling depots on May 20th, Lady Shakespeare at the Dorchester and Mrs. Abel Smith in the City. Others in charge of depots on that day are Lady Tichborne at the Ritz, Lady Wakefield at Grosvenor House, Mrs. Bossom at the Carlton Hotel, and Effie Lady Selsden at Claridge's.

**M**ISS DIANA KELLETT, only child of the late Col. Kellett, D.S.O., M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. William McGowan, made a very pretty bride when she married the Earl and Countess of Halifax's youngest son, the Hon. Richard Wood, in Westminster Abbey, which was beautifully decorated with lilies and blossom.

The bride was given away by her cousin, the Hon. James Howard, as her stepfather, the Hon. William McGowan, was ill, and she had a long retinue; Lady Clarissa Duncombe, the Earl and Countess of Feversham's only child, and the Hon. Caroline and Susan Wood, Lord and Lady Irwin's daughters, accompanied by three little pages, James Daly, Martin Dunne and John Hills, dressed in the attractive uniform that the 60th Rifles wore in the eighteenth century. The little girls wore turquoise-blue organdie dresses, with narrow bands of red around the hem of their skirts and sleeves. Behind came six grown-up bridesmaids, the bride's three pretty cousins, Miss Virginia Howard and the Misses Ann and Susan Pease, Miss Diana Drummond, Miss Elizabeth Jackson and Miss Sonia Gunston, wearing the most attractive and original dresses of turquoise-blue tops over long skirts of turquoise and red plaid silk.

It was an excellent idea to have the reception in the nearby Ashburnham House, which, incidentally, is to be used by Westminster School for its library—the school is short of room, since the damage it suffered from bombing has not yet been fully repaired.

The bridal retinue, followed by the guests, made a picturesque scene as they walked through this lovely setting on a brilliantly sunny afternoon to the very crowded reception. The Earl and Countess of Halifax, who left for America a few days later, received the guests, of whom there are many photographs on the following pages, with the bride's mother, the Hon. Mrs. William McGowan. The bride looked sweet going away for the honeymoon, amid cheers and good wishes, in a navy-blue coat over a frock of navy and white print and a little shiny straw hat.



Pearl Freeman

*The Hon. Juliana Curzon is the third daughter of Viscount Scarsdale, and a great-niece of the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston. She has recently been finishing in Switzerland*



Dorothy Wilding

*Miss Maureen Radclyffe is the daughter of Major C. E. Radclyffe, late Life Guards, of Forss House, Thurso. Her father is the expert on big-game hunting and falconry*

# DEBUTANTES



Tasker, Press Illustrations

Wedding guests wave farewell to the newly-married couple as they set off on their honeymoon.  
The reception was held at Ashburnham House, Little Dean's Yard, Westminster

## WEDDING AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY

The Earl of Halifax's Youngest Son, the Hon. Richard Wood, Marries Miss Diana Kellett, only Daughter of the Late Colonel E. O. Kellett, M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. William McGowan



The three younger bridesmaids, Lady Clarissa Duncombe and the Hon. Caroline and Hon. Susan Wood, nieces of the bridegroom



The Hon. Mrs. Dermot Daly escorting her son James, Martin Dunne and John Hills, the pages, who were dressed in the eighteenth-century uniform of the 60th Rifles



The Earl of Halifax photographed outside the Abbey. The Countess of Halifax is seen beyond him



Lord and Lady Irwin on their way to the wedding. Lord Irwin is the Earl of Halifax's eldest son and heir



Viscount and Viscountess Harcourt. Lord Harcourt, who is the second Viscount, married Lady Harcourt in January of last year



The bridegroom, the Hon. Richard Wood, and his bride, Miss Diana Kellett, leaving the Abbey after the ceremony. The bride's gown was of white corded silk embroidered with pearls. Her long tulle veil was worn with a headdress of gardenias



Mrs. M. A. Dunne and her son Martin, who was a page, and the Earl of Feversham, brother-in-law of the bridegroom



Mr. Gervaise Tennyson-d'Eyncourt, son and heir of Sir Eustace Tennyson-d'Eyncourt, Bt., and Miss Philippa Tennyson-d'Eyncourt

## Self-Profile

Hermione  
Baddeley

by

Hermione Baddeley

I HAVE been asked to write a thousand words about myself. It would be so much easier and nicer a task to write about someone I admire. However, here goes, and please don't blame me.

I think what is wrong with me is that I'm what is called versatile, and I doubt if this is an asset. Having just completed a long run with the straight play, *Grand National Night*, I have been approached about a revue, musical comedy, cabaret, films, and a broadcast series. It is indeed difficult to make a decision, but before I have finished this article, the Fates may lead me to make the right choice.

In private life I find I am much the same; in one day I have been known to go to the Windmill Theatre and the ballet at Covent Garden. My taste in literature is equally mixed; beside my bed is a large table stacked with books. The authors range from all the modern poets, such as T. S. Eliot, Louis MacNeice and Auden to *The Wind in the Willows* and *Peter Rabbit*. This stack changes regularly and sometimes becomes, with Whitman, Agate and Thurber, a grotesque collection, but I love the mix-up.

I LIKE the bright lights, clubs and parties as much as I like dogs and the real country, and I adore spending hours in a boat on a freezing day in February dredging for escallops. I like good cocktails or any good drink. Perhaps I want life to be like one glorious mixture of the best vintages.

Although my friends are mostly artists, authors and those of my own profession, I like business men and number many among my best friends. I am now a director and principal shareholder in a company organised by young ex-Service people, which controls such diverse activities as a milk-bar and a toy-factory, and which markets tablets which prolong the life of cut flowers. In fact, friends range through all walks of life—flower-sellers, stage doormen, charwomen, game-keepers, publicans, some musicians, at least two book-makers, the Four Hundred, and even Ogden of Basic English fame. I am a gourmet, yet love bread and cheese and a raw onion... mussels as well as oysters... and a cottage almost as well as a castle. My dislikes are cormorants, wasps, ultra-respectable people and Hollywood girls who have been too much glamourised.

Demonstrating one of the ingenious toys made at her factory run by ex-Service personnel. She is director and principal shareholder of the company

My sister Angela and I were sent, at an early age, by our mother to the



Swabe

**The Dual Roles** of a drunkard and "a good sort" gave Hermione Baddeley's talent for versatility full scope in "*Grand National Night*," which completed a successful West End run recently. Her great flair for characterisation in both comedy and tragedy has not only been seen in straight plays, but in revues and musicals. Her latest achievement is to play the part she created so well on the stage in the film version of "*Brighton Rock*," with Richard Attenborough

Margaret Morris School of Dancing. We loved dancing, and at eight and eleven years respectively we became principals. Imagine our joy when one Christmas the late Sir Nigel Playfair secured a special licence for the two of us to appear in A. A. Milne's Christmas play named *Make Believe*. This successful production, in which Herbert Marshall appeared, was the opening of the now-famous Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. Angela and I did a small song and dance together which went down very well, and the following year I played the leading part at Liverpool in the same Christmas play.

In fact, Sir Nigel was very kind to me, and arranged for me to appear the following Christmas in London at the Kingsway Theatre. The production was called *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, and Noel Coward played the lead. His part was almost as long as Hamlet's, and I got away with murder with just a sniff.

ONE day Mr. Basil Dean saw me in a one-act play and put me under contract to appear in the West End. My first part under his banner was a wonderful mixture of tears, comedy and pathos. The play was *The Likes of Her*, and I had what I call one of those unfortunate experiences known as an "overnight hit." The critics raved about the new "White Hope," and Mr. George Bernard Shaw was kind enough to write, on one of his famous postcards, suggesting I changed my name from Baddeley to Goodeley.

A little later I am afraid I upset Mr. Dean greatly by accepting a tempting offer to appear in *The Co-Optimists*. I must explain that, we were a large and poor family and we could not turn down an offer that gave me three times my previous salary. This was a successful move and, feeling thoroughly at home in a musical show, I can hardly be blamed for taking the next step by accepting a contract from Mr. Charles B. Cochran, which again doubled my salary. This all sounds rather mercenary, but I was not in the least. For three years I enjoyed a happy if somewhat easy-going interlude with Mr. Cochran.

As is natural, I fell in love and became engaged to the Hon. David Tennant at a party given for the Prince of Wales. Then I

left the stage for 4½ years, during which time we travelled extensively, and I shall always be eternally grateful to David Tennant for showing me so much of the world at an early age.

But after all this I longed to return to the stage, and eventually appeared with Robert Newton in *The Greeks Had a Word for It*, which had a happy run of eleven months in London, and followed that with a very smart intimate revue called *Ballyhoo*. Walter Crisham made a big hit in this. But this was only a prelude to the really witty, current revues which Herbert Farjeon wrote for myself and Cyril Ritchard later. These ran for years at the Little Theatre, and we were preparing to go to America with these shows when the war descended on us, and finished our trip.

HOWEVER, the war could not kill revue, and Hermione Gingold and myself collected Wally Crisham and Harry Kendall. These two joined us in a series of revues, starting with *Rise Above It*. How we and the audiences managed to be so cheerful in those dreadful days I don't know. It all seems very amazing to me now. Hermione decided to stay in revue and I couldn't resist doing another straight play, *Brighton Rock*, in which I had a pretty juicy part. (This play discovered two promising new stars, Richard Attenborough and Dulcie Grey.) However, time marches on, and I marched to the Middle East with E.N.S.A. We spent eight months visiting six different countries, which I wouldn't have missed for worlds.

I HAVE just been asked why I turned down two American film contracts some years back. One reason was I didn't want to leave my children; the other was a fear of having all my teeth pulled out, hair dyed pink, and the inevitable false bust. And now I wonder if I have been sensible after all. What greater triumph has this country achieved recently than in films? Their success is inspiring, and they have surmounted almost impossible difficulties. So I have accepted the honour to co-star in the film version of *Brighton Rock*. I wonder where this will lead? Hard work, sincerity and time alone will tell.





## Priscilla in Paris De Gaulle—and Light Relief

WHAT a pity this bout of gorgeously sunny weather did not happen for Easter, for then Mme. Vincent Auriol would not have had so much trouble with her lovely cartwheel picture hat when she was present at the Prix du Président de la République and every now and then the racegoers would not have had to rush for shelter. Of all fallacious sayings: *grand vent abat petite pluie* is one of the most misleading; a high wind seems to bring the rain down faster and many were the attentive squires who had to hot-foot it through the puddles in order to retrieve their fair ladies' millinery.

By the time this appears in print General de Gaulle's great speech will be ancient history. At time of writing we are inclined to believe that, above all, it means that there will be one more "party" in this greatly—politically—divided country, but since it will probably gain the suffrage of all the hitherto abstentionists, it will surely be the most powerful party in France. Albert de Gobart, who made the round of Bruneval, Étretat and Strasbourg, tells me of the huge crowds, the intense enthusiasm, and the patience of the people who waited for hours in the rain to hear General de Gaulle speak. This is marvellous news if it means that we may some day, not so far ahead, hope to see people with some sense of tradition—as well as competent—at the helm again.

Meanwhile one of the recent nominations made by our actual *gouvernants* is that of M. Aimé Touchard to the post of *administrateur* of the Comédie Française. He is a not-very-eminent dramatic critic, and one now learns that, for some time already, he has been *Inspecteur des Spectacles*. Nobody knows what this function covers. Before the war there was a *bureau des théâtres* at the Ministry of Fine

Arts. Now there is a *direction* with a director, a sub-director and the aforesaid inspector . . . and we still don't know the why or wherefore. But it all sounds very grand, so what else can we do than hope for the best and trust that, at last, someone has been found to occupy a post that has been refused by Pierre Dux, Louis Jouvet, Jean-Louis Barrault and Armand Salacrou!

A NEW film, *Copie Conforme*, played by Louis Jouvet, is now being shown at four picture houses in Paris. Long queues gather for every performance outside the four different theatres. It is certainly the best picture that has been seen in Paris for a long time. Jouvet's admirers will enjoy their fill of that admirable actor who, by the way, goes, with his company, to Edinburgh this summer.

The theme of *Copie Conforme* is not new. One of those double-identity affairs. The honest man and the scoundrel. But Jouvet, in the rôle of the honest man, discards all his little mannerisms, changes his voice and his walk and almost completely does without make-up. As the scoundrel, in half-a-dozen different disguises, he is more Jouvet than he has ever been! This picture might have the sub-title: "Jouvet, Before and After Success." I hope that it will not take so long to reach London as *La Fille du Puisatier*, which is a pre-war film.

A PRETTY country wedding took place at the Château du Tillet, near Cires-le-Melle, when Mlle. Claude Thibaud was married to Lieut. Christian d'Anthoine des Brunes this week. It was a beautiful spring day, the woods were white with anemones and the pale lilac of the bluebells was just beginning to show. Many of the guests came down from Paris, and a

great many more arrived from their country homes around the lovely little racing centre of Chantilly. The tall, dark, slim bride walked across the lawns on her father's arm, to the old chapel that stands in the park, where Canon Theophile Legrand officiated. The bridegroom looked very handsome in the uniform of the Parachute Division. The wedding breakfast took place in the tapestry-hung hall of the château, brightly lit by an immense log fire, but many of us took our plates out and picnicked in the sunshine. Mme. Thibaud, the bride's mother, wore blue and white foulard and a big black hat; the bridegroom's mother, whose second husband is M. Pierre Guerlet, Plenipotentiary Minister of France, was in black with a fur coat and big picture hat. The guests included Vicomtesse de Dampierre, General and Mme. de Metz, Baroness Locré, Lieut.-Colonel and Mme. de Bernède, Mme. Van de Walle, Mme. Juliette Clarens and her pretty daughter, M. Chavez, the Peruvian Vice-Consul, Mme. du Serre-Telmon, Mme. Le Quellec, Mme. Gounouilh, Mme. Hörlin, Mme. Henri Thibaud, Mme. Bechmann, Mme. Fortiuss, and M. and Mme. Philip Cerf, two young newly-weds, just back from the winter sports.

## Voilà!

● François Perrier was scolding his six-year-old son for having told an extra big fib. "I never told lies when I was your age," he said sadly. The boy seemed discomfited for a moment, and then he looked up brightly: "How old were you when you started, Papa?" he enquired.



The famous ballerina waits to go on for the opening of "Giselle," accompanied by the *maitre de ballet*, Balanchine. Mlle. Toumanova left this theatre seventeen years ago, an almost unknown dancer



After a very successful performance of the ballet, Tamara Toumanova is congratulated by her mother and by Mme. Olga Preobrajenska, who was her dancing teacher more than twenty years ago



In a scene from "Giselle," the ballet in which she made her successful return to the Paris stage, Mlle. Toumanova is partnered by Roger Ritz. The performance was held at the Opéra de Paris

### Tamara Toumanova Returns to Paris After Seventeen Years' Absence



*The high climax of winter sports: A clear sky, virgin snow and easy mastery of the skis.  
The expert making this jump turn at Gornergrat is Lieut.-Colonel D. Peel Yates*

## *"The Tatler" Says Au Revoir to . . .* **SWITZERLAND**

The Winter Sports Season Approaches its End. And, as a Fitting Epilogue, Come These Pictures of Late Holidaymakers in the Famous Climbing and Ski-ing District Around Zermatt



*At Riffelberg: Cdr. R. Tosswill, Mrs. Anne Butler, Lt. D. Halifax, R.N., Cdr. W. L. Brown, W/Cdr. J. A. Holmes, Lt.-Col. Peel Yates, Miss H. Stanley-Williams and Miss S. Brown*



*A rest on the snow-line during the ascent: Mr. Leigh Butler, Cdr. R. G. Tosswill, Lieut.-Colonel D. Peel Yates, Cdr. W. L. Brown. Behind: Mr. P. Richardson. The officers are from the Joint Services Staff College*



Juliana of the Netherlands, Princesses Irene and Margriet Pennink, at Gornergrat station



Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands discussing photographic matters with Mr. Henry F. Tiarks at the top of Gornergrat



The Hon. and Mrs. Ben Bathurst in front of the Zermatterhof, with the Matterhorn in the far distance



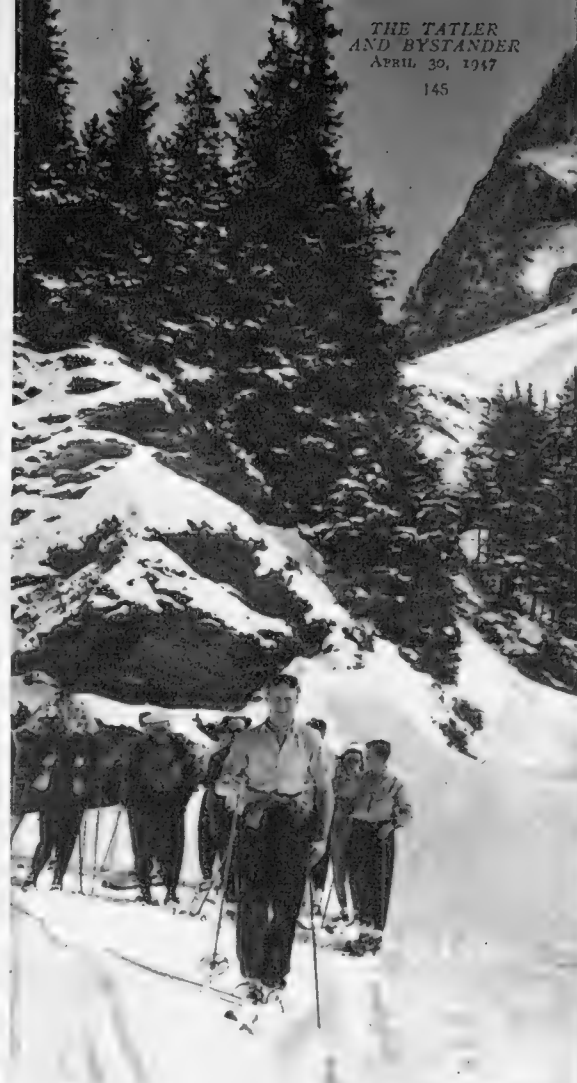
Lady Sale-Barker, with H.R.H. Prince of Bavaria, uncle of King of Belgium, at Zermatt



Lady Blane (right), her daughter, Mrs. W. R. Tomkinson, and grandson, Robert Tomkinson, at Riffelberg



Major and Mrs. Peter Forbes were also among the holidaymakers at Riffelberg, which is over 8000 ft. above sea-level



A group of British skiers at the end of the Black Rock run, with the classic face of the Eiger at the top right



Mr. Anson, of the Alpine Club, examining his skis after an eight-years interval



Balfour-Paul, Miss Rosemarie Sparrow, W. Bracken resting after a speedy and exhilarating run



Lady Orr-Lewis, with Mrs. W. Bracken immediately behind her, leads a party of skiers from the hotel at Riffelberg up one of the slopes, with the 14,000-ft. Matterhorn looming in the background

Photographs by Dr. R. H. Schloss

D. B. WYNNDHAM LEWIS

# Standing

## By ...

A MYSTERIOUS light on the Air Ministry roof at 1.15 a.m. recently sent a Yard car dripping with cops and dicks racing to Kingsway, only to find one of the Ministry's ardent girl-meteorologists taking a weather observation.

We asked a meteorologist why aged hayseeds make infinitely better weather-forecasts by merely spitting into the evening wind. He said one of the Ministry girls once did this when she thought the Ministry wasn't looking, and was instantly fired for vulgarity. We then asked if the poets are accurate about British weather being as tiresome as women. E.g.:

April, April,  
Laugh thy girlish laughter,  
And, the moment after,  
Weep thy girlish tears . . .

He said well, that was written about one of those petulant floozies at the London School of Economics. Poems grousing about women's being cold as Polar ice are written apparently in Queen's Gate, where the Shackleton Memorial on the Royal Geographical Society's wall shows the correct local courting-costume.

### Afterthought

IN tropic South Kensington dusky beauties are often addressed, it seems, in Browning's burning yet respectful words, written in the Cromwell Road:

Swart Cleopatra flamed in fiery grace,  
But Mrs. Grabshaw has a nicer face;  
O Mrs. Grabshaw! Mr. Grabshaw's Queen!—  
Her many friends will gather what I mean (etc.)

On the topic of official forecasts this meteorologist was cagey, and laid the blame on isobars. The Ministry girls don't care much for isobars, we gathered, and they like the nut-filled variety least of all.

### Job

As the first film-writer to join the Académie-Française, M. Marcel Pagnol (author of that charming play *Marius*) will be able to dispel



the illusions of those of his more romantic elderly colleagues who believe film-actresses to be interesting, and envy the Minister of Fine Arts, who is neck-deep in stage-sweethearts all day.

A startled, faraway look came into the limpid eyes of a minor member of the British Government to whom a friend of ours recently remarked that we badly need a Ministry of Fine Arts, on the French model. The idea of a Whitehall office full of magical little charmers besieging the Minister with complaints, demands, and flattery (possibly saucy) rather shocked this politician, though of course. . . . Hrm. Chrm. Yes. Er—chrm. A responsible job, he thought. He asked if the French Minister of Fine Arts had any other commitments; to which our friend replied that under the late Third Republic it was his pleasing duty to provide any lonely member of his Government with a dainty luncheon or dinner-companion. Hrm. Chrm. Yes. Naturally that could not happen over here? No, said our friend, no, naturally, it is quite un-English.

The conversation then turned to pictorial Art, but not for long.

### Folksy

SMALL tin bells and gay ribbons for bowler hats and trousers, and a little compulsory tuition by the Folk Dance Society, are all that will be required to carry out a fascinating suggestion made to us last week—namely that the final touch to Utopia is obviously the restoration of the Strand Maypole.

There were actually two. The later and more decorative one, wreathed with garlands and topped by two gilt balls and a weathervane, stood till 1718 outside Somerset House; the ideal spot, for when it is re-erected the jolly Inland Revenue boys can pour out and join in the fun. A lover of folksy doings tells us moreover that that noticeably harassed expression worn by the folkdance boys and girls as they jig and twirl will vanish when public merrierie is made compulsory, as it will be. They



"There's something here I think you ought to see, Mr. Meyer"

only look careworn because they are generally surrounded by dumb, blank, or hostile faces. Hence those muttered asides one hears:

"Lay off that wanhope, please, Miss Gewither!"  
"Good Master Tiggett, we are encompassed by pans of sore unbuxomness!"

"Tilly-vally, thou frampold quean, consider brave Master Faceache yonder, how he doth leap and bound!"

"His denture hath not flown apace into Master Lovejoy's tabor, I wis!"

When the alternative is a merrie heart or seven days you'll be surprised at the natural gaiety of the Island Race, this chap adds.

### Vocation

WHEN not harrying the Greeks, the Bulgars devote their energies to distilling and exporting exquisite attar-of-roses; a fact overlooked by a chap recently worrying over the sinister lull in the Middle East. One can't always be harrying Greeks. Moreover rose-distilling may also be a vocation, as many a broadminded Bulgar parent has conjectured.

The problem is sympathetically handled in a local folksong:

#### The Laughing Stork

"Hushabye, little comitadji!" sang my mother sweetly,  
But my father demurred,  
Saying I was too shortsighted to carve up Greeks;  
Adding that even if I saw an oculist at Nicopolis,  
I was not the type.  
"That boy," my father said, "is a born distiller,  
Maybe I could get him into the Accounts Dept. down at Joe's,"  
But my mother cried in scorn and anger  
That her people had always been comitadji,  
Highly respected in the town,  
(Including her Uncle Charley, three times runner-up in the Macedonian Open),  
So that was that, and I became A comitadji  
In rimless pince-nez,  
And every time I ride out with the boys  
Every stork in the Diocese of Philippopolis  
Laughs his head off.

Listen for this and other folksongs of this headachy, intellectual type in the Third Programme shortly, sung by some ghastly soprano.

### Décor

NOTING the recent centenary of Covent Garden Opera House, the *Times* Music Critic rightly awarded the modernisers (1933) a high mark for not fooling with that vast, opulent crimson-and-gold auditorium, which dates from 1858 and is aesthetically and theatrically perfect, like those of the splendid theatres of Italy it derives from.



Unfortunately the modern Covent Garden audience doesn't match as it did in the Golden Age, when the only jewels which didn't dazzle every eye on a gala-night were the resigned and bulbous orbs of Majesty, glooming in the Royal Box. Having a strong regard for Edward VII, that shrewd and magnificent Philistine ("Stick to Shakespeare, Mr. Lee—there's money in him"), our tender heart is appalled by the tortures Grand Opera inflicted on this notable monarch at regular intervals. He'd like to have been out with the boys, but he had to listen at least once every season to Tremolo and Squallini, Rümbergütz and Donnerblitz, surrounded by stuffed dowagers and hairy, loathsome critics. What H.M. would have made of Elgar's loyal dedication to his memory of the matchless Second ("Spirit of Delight") Symphony one can't imagine. Nothing whatsoever, probably.

### Tribute

NOTHING, as an interior-decorator has accurately remarked, can be more beautiful as an interior decoration for great rich houses than marble, discreetly used. There is, or was, a house near Hyde Park with a dining-room entirely panelled, in opulent late-Victorian days, with rose-coloured and golden marble from an Italian palace. It takes, or took, some living up to.

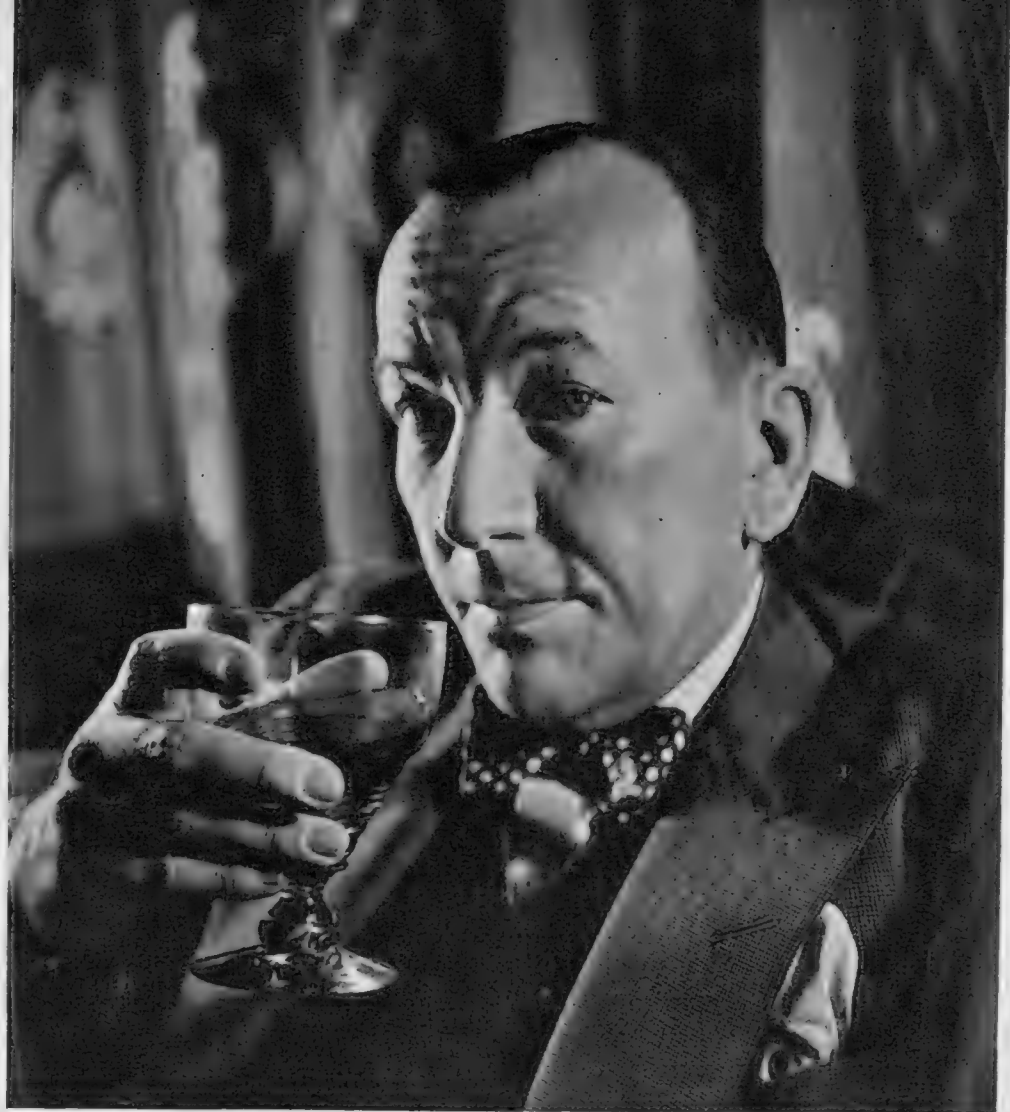
Bankers, whose normal background is marble, are the natural inhabitants of houses of this type, and when they die their tombs are also marble. For which reason we recently composed a Funeral Hymn for bankers which you may care to hear:

Pavonazzo, Brocatello,  
Rose-red, wine-dark, honey-yellow,  
Rouge-Jaspe, Atrax, Labradite,  
Verd-Antique, Carrara White,  
Cipollino, Breccia,  
Rosa di Numidia,  
Porphyry, Red Languedoc,  
All the spoils of High Baroque,  
Marbles of the richest bloom,  
Glorify the Banker's Tomb!  
In his marble cradle he  
Dreamed of splendours yet to be,  
Miles of marble banking-floors,  
Marble tables, marble doors,  
And, to crown a marbled life,  
One tall, polished, marble wife . . .  
O the opulence! The chill!  
Did it make the Banker ill?  
No, for from the very start  
He possessed a Marble Heart,  
Smooth as sin and cold as snow,  
Carved from Grey Bardiglio.

You are to imagine the tomb as monumental and superb, crowned by the twin figures of Britannia and High Finance weeping over a bronze medallion framing the Banker's features (grossly idealised) in *basso-relievo*, and surrounded by Cupids swimming in tears and representing the Ordinary shareholders.



A "VROOL" zikkiting at a fat "PLEE".



Derek Adkins

Noel Coward is making a welcome reappearance at the Haymarket Theatre, in the triple role of actor, producer and author in a revival of his sparkling comedy *Present Laughter*, which was last produced in London in 1943. During the last four years Mr. Coward has toured the Middle East, written and supervised two films, *Brief Encounter* and *This Happy Breed*, and written two musical shows, *Pacific 1860* and *Sigh No More*. He expects to have a new play ready for production in the autumn.

## BUBBLE and SQUEAK

HERE is a treasured item from the collection of an American professor who makes a study of the workings of the youthful female mind.

The identity of the young lady is withheld, but the memory of her answer lingers on. One of the requirements in a written quiz was, "Define a nut and bolt and explain the difference, if any." The girl wrote:

"A bolt is a thing like a stick of hard metal such as iron, with a square bunch on one end and a lot of scratching wound around the other end. A nut is similar to the bolt only just the opposite, being a hole in a little chunk of iron sawn off short, with wrinkles around the inside of the hole."

The professor has marked this one with a large "A."

JAMES had a new motor-bike and he invited his friend Jack to go for a ride on the back. After they had gone a few miles, James asked how Jack was liking it.

"I like it all right," replied Jack, "but the wind is catching my chest."

So James stopped. "Take your coat off, Jack, and put it back to front; that will keep the wind off your chest, and I'll button it up at the back."

They set off again, and after a time James asked Jack if he was any warmer. No reply. Jack wasn't there. So James turned the machine round and went back until he saw a crowd, in the middle of which was Jack, lying motionless.

Anxiously James asked one of the crowd, "How is he?"

"Well, we can't make it out," said the bystander. "He hasn't spoken since we twisted his head the right way round."

WARNER BROS. recently hit upon a bright new idea for arousing advancing interest in a new Humphrey Bogart thriller. They ordered posters in subway stations that bore only the words: "This space reserved for Humphrey Bogart."

Two days after the poster went out they got a letter from an indignant fan. "What a cheap trick," he wrote. "How can anybody draw a moustache on a sign like that?"

THE proprietor entered a boarder's room on the morning of his departure.

"I see, Sir," she said, quietly, "there's a hole burnt in that easy chair. Of course, I shall expect you to pay for it."

"Not likely," replied the boarder, decisively. "I don't smoke."

"Of all the nerve," she exclaimed. "I've had this house for over five years, and you're the first visitor who has refused to pay for that hole."

A YOUNG captain in the Office of Strategic Services in the U.S. Army, whose duties include interviewing enlisted men for assignment to special tasks, had a session with a somewhat backwoody private who had been transferred to O.S.S. because of an unusual linguistic background. According to his questionnaire, he had a fluent reading, writing and speaking mastery of Latin and Greek.

"Contemporary or Classic Greek?" asked the captain.

"Classic," the private replied. "I was a minister. Learned Latin and Greek at divinity school."

"What do you think you'd like to do?" asked the captain.

"Get out of the Army," said the recruit.

# PICTURES IN THE FIRE

## Sabretoche

**F**ACTS perhaps not generally known! H.R.H. the Heiress Presumptive, to whom the good wishes and blessings of this very great Empire went out on Monday, April 21st, and H.M. the Queen, are the joint holders of a world's fox-hunting record. On April 8th, 1931, H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth on a small pony, led by Her Majesty (then Duchess of York), got away in front of the whole of the hard-riding Pytchley field and viewed the last fox that Frank Freeman hunted from Boughton Covert. It is extremely unlikely that this record will ever be beaten. Let us hope, however, that it will not be the last occasion upon which the future Queen of England will lead a gallant field, and whether it is or not, there is no chance whatever of her and her family being dislodged from the place which they occupy in the hearts of the people. It was most appropriate that the Princess should make her début in the hunting field in the Pytchley country, because it has a long Royal connection, dating back to one Penda, a rough-and-ready king of Mercia in the times of the Heptarchy. It was here also that His Majesty the King was first inducted to the joys of the Galloping Shires, and H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor was also far from unknown in the country of the white-collar hunt. Frank Freeman's earliest predecessor was one Alwin the Hunter, who held an appointment under the Crown as huntsman of this, and a very large tract of other country, and his date coincides with that of Penda, so it is quite probable that he was that King's huntsman.

### Handsome Is As . . .

**I**F, as some think, the Derby is certain to be won by something trained by Fred Darling, it is strange that the challenge thrown out by a sporting journal upon the publication of some excellent pictures of the leading characters in the stable has not been taken up with greater vigour. Hardly a word about what anyone thought they looked like, though reams and reams about their possibilities where that tire-some 1½ mile at Epsom is concerned. Allowing for the fact that a horse rarely does himself full justice when led out into the yard to have his photograph "took," because he has no idea whatever as to what it is all about, these stills do permit of a general appraisal of his points and measurements.

A horse knows when he is going to be shod, when he is going out hunting or going to race; it is these odd moments that puzzle him.

Tudor Minstrel in action is much more attractive than Tudor Minstrel quite uninterested in the photographer's camera. You would certainly look at him twice in the former case: in the latter you might say that his neck was not too well set in, and that his hocks might be closer to the ground. Some might even say that he stands over a bit, but personally, I do not think that this is true.

About His Majesty's Blue Train, whose sole performance last season was a winning one, the 6-furlongs Swinley Forest Stakes at Ascot, which he won as and how he liked, some would say that in this picture he is a bit stallion-crested, rather plain about the head, with a none too generous eye, but otherwise irrep- roachable, and much better behind than Tudor Minstrel, particularly his hocks. He is a chestnut with one white fetlock in front. There is plenty of him, and the general impression is most favourable.

As to Nebuchadnezzar, for whom I confess a strong weakness, I like him everywhere bar his neck. I do not hold his Middle Park defeat agin him. There was nothing in it between the first three, Saravan, Merry Quip, and this colt. I am sure that he is a racehorse, but whether he is better than Tite Street is a point which I think it will be wiser to reserve for argument before a Full Bench. For those interested *vide* the 6 furlongs New Ham Stakes at Goodwood. Anyway, Fred Darling holds a very nice hand, and it might include two aces. Combat? I reserve my defence. His hocks are where most people like to see them. In the meanwhile, if His Majesty's Commons think that there is anything in my humble suggestion for a Rodeo in the Row, the Australians are just aching to give away a few thousand Brumbies.

### The Guineas

**C**OMPELLED as we are on this paper to be completely subservient to someone, along-side of whom the fabled daughter of the horse-leech would look shy and backward, to talk about something without having the full information in from the outposts, the thorns are more than ordinarily sharp and unfriendly. We do not even know who proposes to run which in the first of this season's classics, and are almost thrown back upon the bookmakers,

who apparently decided quite a long time ago that this is how they will finish in the Guineas: Tudor Minstrel, 1; Petition, 2; Goldsborough, 3.

The book says that so long as Petition is alive Migoli, one of the alternatives on offer, does not win, and Tite Street, who won last time out over six furlongs and was only beaten a neck at Goodwood in the New Ham Stakes by Nebuchadnezzar, from whom he was getting 4 lb., is given us as another "alternative." The Magicians of the Ring may be quite right, at any rate, about the first two; they are Cannie Carls, Scots almost to a man, as I am instructed and believe, and do not throw their money about!

### The Only Test

**W**HAT trainer has had even the chance of the mythical celluloid cat to adhere to his time-table? Sand is capital stuff for little Johnny Jones and his Sister Sue with their buckets and spades, but not much good to the racehorse. It is very apt to make him go round instead of cutting the tops off the daisies, as is desirable. The racecourse is the only test, and the Two Thousand is the first stripped gallop after a period in which most things have been in the same position as Mahomet's coffin.

Tudor Minstrel had not seen a racecourse until his recent adventure since he won the National Breeders' Stakes last July at Ascot. He had never faced anything farther than 5 furlongs. Probably, we are all tired to tears hearing all about his pedigree: I do not think anyone has thought deeply enough about his papa, Owen Tudor. That was a horse of moods. I believe that Petition's true target is the Derby, but how much more prudent it will be to wait and see this fight with the gloves off at Newmarket before saying more.

We cannot really know how any of them have wintered, and, judging by how we feel ourselves and how loose our waistcoats are, ought we not to watch our step? Take this great unfurnished thing, Sayajirao, for instance. What an outline of a racehorse, and look how atrociously he ran at Hurst! Take another one of the same family, "Neb." His prototype trained on pretty well on grass, and hard times may not have hit his namesake. They say just as hard things about him as they did about the King who was compelled to be a vegetarian. We shall see! Tudor Minstrel ought to win the Guineas, but it is pretty certain that he will have to work his passage in the Derby against Petition, for one.



Hood, Hawick

### The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch's Silver Wedding

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch (right) after they had received gifts at Hawick, Roxburghshire, to commemorate their silver wedding. The party includes their son and heir, the Earl of Dalkeith, who also received a present to mark his recent coming of age, his sister, Lady Caroline Scott, and Sir John Milne Home (back left)



Deal, Eastbourne

### At the East Sussex Hunt Ball, Folkington Manor

Mr. and Mrs. William Miller kindly lent their lovely home, Folkington Manor, Polegate, for the ball. Above are Mr. Harold Miller, Miss Anne Morton, Lady Burghley, Mr. William Miller, Mrs. William Miller, Lord Burghley, who is a Joint-Master of the hunt, Lady Hulse and Mr. Fred Parsons, the other Joint-Master



Enjoying a picnic luncheon amid the cars were Mrs. J. Persse, Mrs. Christopher Seymour, Mrs. C. Leatham, Mrs. C. Blackburn, Lt. E. F. Archdale, Rear-Admiral C. M. Blackman, Vice-Admiral E. D. Archdale, and his daughter, Miss A. G. Archdale



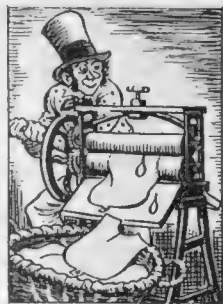
Lady Templemore, wife of Lord Templemore, and the Master of the H.H., Mr. H. A. Andreae of Moundsmere Manor, Basingstoke



Master George Jeffreys, Lady Rosemary Jeffreys, the Hon. Mrs. Desmond Chichester, Mr. Peter Crowder, Lady Smiley and Sir Hugh Smiley, Bt.

**THE HAMPSHIRE HUNT** held their first post-war point-to-point meeting at Bentworth, near Alton, Hampshire. It took place on Grand National day, and in spite of that strong counter-attraction the meeting was well attended and a programme of five races provided some exciting sport. However, some of the enthusiasts lost interest in the local 3.15 race to listen on their portable radios to the big event at Aintree. Bentworth lies on the high ground six miles from Alton, and was therefore not subject to the menace of floods, though as a result of the heavy rainfall the going was sticky in some parts of the course

## Scoreboard



### SECRETS OF THE PAVILION

OF REFEREES DON'T CARE.

**L**ITTLE did I think (for I thought but little), as I shoved father's dickeys wearily through the mangle, that I would one day play square-

leg for Luton-on-Sea. Father was Third Piccolo in the Municipal Band. He only played the easy bits. I had my rivals, of course. In the struggle for the limelight, someone is sure to get pushed into the wings. But you can't have two square-legs; unless, as my Uncle Jack used laughingly to say, you happen to be built that way. Charlie Pimple took it very hard when I was preferred to him; though what else he expected with a name like that, I'm jiggered if I know.

Soon after the news broke, I met him in the street. He was standing in a fish queue with his socks inside out and a wandering eye, and I guessed that he had been indulging in disappointment's oldest comforter, the bottle. He pretended not to see me; a pretence that needed little effort just then.

**O**N the afternoon before the match, I walked up to the ground, where Mr. O'Goldberg, the Manager, was supervising the oiling of the turnstiles and counting the sandwiches. He smiled when he saw me, and swivelled his bow-tie into position. "So you are the new square-leg," he said, and felt my biceps. "Early to bed, to-night," he went on, "and good luck to-morrow. You'll need it."

I walked homewards in a dream. Already I saw myself playing for England. Who knows, perhaps I might even become a Town Councillor. Then, as I passed the Memorial arcade, a woman brushed against me, and thrust a piece of paper into my hand. "Read that," she whispered in a cultured voice, lifting her heavy purple veil; then she snapped it down, and was lost in the throng of shoppers and unemployables.

I read it. The paper was heavily scented. In blue pencil were written the words, "Don't

play to-morrow—A Friend in Need." Well, I ask you.

**I**N a recent brouhaha of le Rugby at Toulouse, a stone, propelled by an anonymous spectator, struck the touch-judge on the nopper. This was bad luck for the thrower, who was aiming at the referee. I recall an even more interesting case of erroneous stone-throwing. It was at school. A small boy, from reasons of general elation, or, as they would put it in Harley Street, in order to release a lapidary complex, threw a stone on spec. over a wall. It pitched on the head of a female visitor, who, however, was well served by the current vogue of carrying clusters of fruit in the hat. The offender, being advised to apologise through the post, wrote to his victim a letter memorable for its brevity—

"Dear Mrs. ———"

I am sorry about that stone"; and signed it "yours truly," with surname only, as for the peerage.

**T**HE South African cricketers, our guests this summer, insist upon combining gaiety with skill. They are not sworn to silence by Boards of Control. I remember asking a young Australian cricketer, on the morning of a Test match, whether his bat drove all the way up. He shot me a horrified and imploring look, and scuttled from the room.

The South Africans have a pretty taste in songs. On their last visit, in 1935, E. L. Dalton was minstrel-in-chief. He loved to render, with the mandolin, "Da la la Ding," the Fly Song, and a ditty which started—

"If your bat wants to score, well let it.

If a four you can get, well get it.

Don't be too slow, just have a go,

All the folks will hear about it and the crowd will grow."

Wit and wisdom in that.

Of old friends, that classic batsman Bruce Mitchell will again be on view. He has scored four Test centuries against England, two here, two in South Africa. Also, the resilient A. D. Nourse, Junior, who, ten years ago, over here, strung three centuries in a row. Da la la Ding.

*R.C. Robertson Glasgow*



Mr. Mark Jeffreys, son of Lady Rosemary Jeffreys, had the course pointed out to him by Lord Templemore



Mr. Brian Butler with his cup, presented for winning the Hampshire Hunt Lightweight Race with Snipe 3rd



Illustrations from "The Art of the French Book." Above, a seventeenth-century title-page



Painting by Robinet Testart in "Livre des Échecs amoureux," early fifteenth century



The original edition of Molière's works, published in Paris by Thomas Jolly, 1666

## ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK REVIEWS

"The Poetic Image"

"Teresa, and Other Stories"

"The Twins"

"Honolulu Murder Story"

"THE POETIC IMAGE," by C. Day Lewis (Cape; 8s. 6d.), is a book to be recommended to everyone who desires, in good faith, to advance in the understanding of poetry. In this matter, have we a tendency to stand still, to "set" with regard to poetry at a particular age, to become fixed on the poems known and loved in youth? These, we may claim, satisfy us: we can remain open to nothing more. Our loss, in that case, may be considerably greater than we know—for surely, to be alive at all should mean to remain alive to experience? Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, or the *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*, or *The Ancient Mariner*, or a Keats sonnet each have in themselves the sufficiency of their beauty and meaning, but that is not to say that they are "enough."

This book of Mr. Day Lewis's contains the Clark Lectures, six in number, delivered by him at Cambridge in 1946. That the matter was intended to be spoken still makes, now it is in print, for a speaking clearness: the reader, like the first listeners, has full access to Mr. Day Lewis's initial clearness of thought. The critic has, he tells us, one pre-eminent task—the task of easing or widening or deepening our response to poetry. He insists that an essential of criticism should be respect both for the poem and for the reader. "We too often find in criticism, to-day, passages in which dishonest controversy, undraped narcissism or glue-pot jargon reveal an attitude towards the reader of dogmatic contempt. The great critics, Dryden, Coleridge, Shelley, Arnold, never forgot that kind of good manners we call style."

Those four were themselves, you will notice, poets in their own right: it seems that in our contemporary, Mr. Day Lewis, we have again the ideal poet-critic of poetry. Though there must be, he says at the start, something formidable for the poet in the idea of criticism: this is to him, he adds, an unfamiliar terrain.

Wishing [he says] to undertake some theme which might throw light upon the poetry of our own time, yet believing it to be the most serious defect in modern criticism that this poetry is not sufficiently related and shown in perspective with the great vistas of the English poetic tradition, I seemed to find what I wanted in the poetic image. Novelty, audacity, fertility of image are the strong-point, the presiding demon, of contemporary verse—and, like all demons, apt to get out of hand. The very word "image" has taken on, during the last fifty years or so, a mystical potency: think what Yeats made of it. Yet the image is the constant of all poetry, and every poem is itself an image. Trends come and go, diction alters, metrical fashions change, even the elemental subject-matter may change almost out of recognition: but metaphor remains, the life-principle of poetry, the poet's chief test and glory.

... What do we understand, then, by the poetic image? In its simplest form, it is a picture made out of words. An epithet, a metaphor, a simile may create an image; or an image may be presented to us in a phrase or passage on the face of it purely descriptive, but conveying to our imagination something more than the accurate reflection of an external reality. Every poetic image, therefore, is to some degree metaphorical. It looks out from a mirror in which life perceives not so much its face as some truth about its face.

THE above is an extract from the first chapter, in which is established, by degrees, the nature of the poetic image. Is it enough to say that this is a picture in words touched with some sensuous quality? No, this is not enough: the word-picture must be charged with emotion



A French binding of 1775, with the arms of Marie Antoinette, one of the full-page illustrations from *The Art of the French Book*, edited by André Lejard (Paul Elek; £2 10s.). This volume has caught some of the magnificence of the famous books in the Bibliothèque Nationale which it selects for description, and is as fascinating to the casual reader as to the ardent collector of fine editions. Many pages of illuminated MSS. are beautifully reproduced in colour. J. M.

or passion. Discussing Coleridge's definition, Mr. Day Lewis says that he himself would distinguish between human emotion and poetic passion. After that, we go on to "The Field of Imagery"—its origins in conscious experience or subconscious memory, and the phenomena of freshness, strikingness and intensity. How is it that some images penetrate us, while others give the effect of bizarre dissonance or of strain? Above all, the image is not mere extraneous ornament: it must be integrated with the inner life of the poem. The image must not be fanciful; it must be imperative. To this, in "The Pattern of Images," Mr. Day Lewis adds his analysis of the relation (in any given poem) of the succession of images to each other. "Functional imagery," he says, "—the use of images to underline and bring home generally-accepted ideas—produces its own kind of image pattern."

With the fourth and fifth chapters, "The Living Image" and "Broken Images," we pass on to the position—and, to an extent, predicament—of the poet of to-day. It is here, I think, most of all that Mr. Day Lewis has performed his important, self-set task—that of linking up modern poetry with the great English tradition. It is inevitable, he feels, that poetry should advance with mankind along the human course: all great poetry was, in its time, contemporary; each poet drew for his images on the surrounding day, incorporating what could have seemed prosaic in his own intense sense of his own experience.

The modern poet's search, for his vital image, through the twentieth-century panorama of mechanics and science is not to be despised. "I believe that his preoccupation with images is also a sign of the modern poet's effort to elucidate and control the modern scene, the modern situation. . . . The 'immense, moving, confused spectacle' of our own times must sort itself out; posterity alone can judge which of our poets, by penetrating most deeply into our life and most sensitively recording our values, really represents us." Man does, with every century, change; and those very changes may be the subjects of poetry. Change is, even, recorded in the poet's response to so-called timeless and universal themes—love, death, nature.

In his last chapter, "The Eternal Spirit's Eternal Pastime," Mr. Day Lewis faces, and answers, the question: Can the poet, and poetry, survive in the future atomic age? So far does he believe in the survival that he speaks a message to poets still unborn. . . . Throughout, *The Poetic Image* is given point, and beauty, by innumerable and varied quotations from English poetry. Nothing is said, or speculated upon, in a void—and the contrast between these poet-voices out of all parts of time could not be more fascinating. Not only a poet's knowledge of poetry but a critic's alert consideration

of other criticism (including the psycho-analytical school) give this book richness and body. It is a sane and brilliant, friendly and inspired piece of work—and, I think, a landmark in interpretative writing.

"TERESA, AND OTHER STORIES" (Cape; 7s. 6d.) is a collection from that Irish master of the short story, Seán O'Faoláin. As novelist and biographer he may have overshadowed, but never has, I think, eclipsed completely his first reputation in this particular field—was it not with *Midsummer Night Madness*, tales of the "troubles," that he made his first brilliant entry on to the literary scene? The Ireland of which he now writes is less fierce, less purposefully frigid, and more melancholy. His revolutionaries of yesterday are, to-day, talkers; many in the doldrums of introspection. But the old tender, tormenting light plays over landscapes and enters rooms; there is the smell and sound of rain, the magic of June evenings, the glow of cities in the distance at night.

Contrariety, humour and a sympathy for impossible people run through the stories in *Teresa*—all three are exemplified in the title-piece, in which a capricious novice, chaperoned by a sore-tried old nun, makes a pilgrimage to Lisieux. We doubt Teresa's vocation before she does so herself; and we share Sister Patrick's relief at the journey's end.

Another nun story, "The Man Who Invented Sin," is an O'Faoláin masterpiece: the same idyllic West Cork lake setting appears in "The Silence of the Valley"—but in this case I feel the integration of the story to be less true: the characters, those four oddly-assorted hotel guests, somehow straggle outside the mood of the time and place instead of being contained in it as they should be. Or is this the author's intention? Whether or not, the silent visual beauty of the scene so satisfyingly commands the reader that some of the dialogue interrupts or jars. "The morning was a blaze of heat. The island was a floating red flower. The rhododendrons around the edges of the island were replicated in the smooth lee-water which they barely touched..."

"Unholy Living and Half-Dying" has compactness as satirical comedy; and a racy, sad little tale is "The End of a Good Man," about Larry Dunne and his pigeon Brian Boru. "Shades of the Prison House," in which the warder's little hoyden daughter, ostracised by all the neighbouring children on the eve of an execution, strikes out and makes a holiday for herself, is at once pungent and touching; and "Passion," though less coherent, has a haunting quality of its own. "Innocence," though deliberately slight, is charming—of "The Trout" and "The Letter" I feel—wrongly, perhaps—that they are too slight to justify their inclusion. "Lady Lucifer," story within a story, is, to me, interestingly debatable: it is either (like "The Man Who Invented Sin") another O'Faoláin masterpiece or an impressive misfire: I am not yet sure which. Some, returning again and again to the lovely opening, may feel Seán O'Faoláin should be a nature poet, leaving psychology to the novelist rank-and-file:

The three friends [begins "Lady Lucifer"] had rowed very slowly down-river—half-floated, indeed—seeing only the withered thistles in the fields, cows standing to their ankles in still water. There was not a speck in the sky. Not even a bird; as if they had taken shelter from the humming heat in the pine-forest that rose on one side, dark and cool as a cave. The only sound they heard for a mile was

## BOWEN ON BOOKS

the fall of water in the canal-lock; and when they passed through the lock and down the slim perspective of the canal, everything was again sloth and softness and sun. The narrow road of canal was a dreaming slip of water. They were secluded, lost, tucked away. The world had died.

"THE TWINS," by Bernard Glemser (Cresset Press; 9s. 6d.), is a novel which, opening with rather bleak narration, gathers fullness and atmosphere as it goes along. The characters, first appearing in barest outline, fill themselves in as the story moves; till one finds that they have, as it were by stealth, possessed themselves wholly of one's imagination.

This is a study of a family, the Cranes, Russian and French by descent, living in London in the years just before the war. Paul, Robert (who is the speaker), Felice, and the twins Ivan and Lucy are all, for good or evil, powerful characters; and, moreover, are closely bound up in each other's destinies. The Cranes, whose father and mother both began life by running away from their respective homes, all show a developed running-away heredity. Paul deserts his young wife in order to live in Paris; Felice attempts to elude her lover; Robert mistrusts his own entanglement with an American girl. Between the twins themselves exists a strong psychic tie which both, in turn, take violent means to break.

Paul, who, living under the protection of the strange, ageing, tormented rich woman, Marta, has become wholly vile, threatens to be the evil genius of his brothers and sisters left behind in England. Robert and Felice, after

one visit to Paris, decide that Paul must never, on any account, be allowed to get hold of the twins—which it is his declared intention to do. The climax is dramatic...

Summarised, *The Twins* might seem to be a less unusual novel than it is—its best qualities still defy definition. I can only say it holds scenes (such as the dinner-party young Lucy insists on giving for Robert and his American love) which are poignant in their very straight-forwardness. Much, though by no means all, may be due to the charm of Lucy, and the incalculability of her behaviour; which, though always *au grand sérieux*, can be deliciously comic.

Here, at any rate, for your attention is an original novel, most repaying to read.

"HONOLULU MURDER STORY" (Crime Club: Collins; 7s. 6d.) is the latest, and an excellent, Leslie Ford. This writer, with her genius for background, could be trusted to overlook none of the possibilities of the Hawaiian scene—the Cathers' house, set up high on the Pali road, overhangs a gulch into which the corpse of an inconvenient relative can only too conveniently disappear; and has a *de luxe* air-raid shelter (the war is still on) whose garden portal is draped with cascades of orchids.

As the Cathers' guest, our by now dear Grace Latham, that charming widow, finds herself far from happily situated—while the cryptic behaviour of Colonel Primrose (whose proposal, just after having classed his Grace among half-witted civilians, could not have been less happily timed) adds fervour to her wish to return to Washington. Leslie Ford does tend to repeat, with each book, her stock of character-types; but her handling of situation is so expert, her touch is so light and her plots are so well-built that she remains, in her boldly feminine way, one of the most enjoyable of American detective-story writers.



Major Minty, Mrs. Elliott, Col. Elliott, Mrs. Minty and Lady McFadyean



Mr. Clement Davies, K.C., M.P., Liberal Member for Montgomery, talking to Miss Shirley Dyer



Mr. Philip Fothergill and Mrs. Dingle Foot, wife of Mr. Dingle Foot, formerly M.P. for Dundee



The Marchioness of Crewe, President of the Council, and Mr. Dingle Foot

Liberal Social Council  
Dinner-Dance

# THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



*Fleming — Willett*

Major R. W. Fleming, M.B.E., The Black Watch (R.H.R.), son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Fleming, of Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, married Miss G. M. Willett, daughter of Capt. Basil Willett and Mrs. Willett, of The Old Mill House, Bedhampton, Hampshire



*Hastings — Bullock*

Capt. Peter Hastings, son of the late Hon. Aubrey Hastings and of the Hon. Mrs. Hastings, married Miss Priscilla Bullock, daughter of Capt. Malcolm Bullock, M.P., and of the late Lady Victoria Bullock, at Liverpool Cathedral



*Balfour — Schlegel*

Mr. George Napier Balfour, younger son of the late Capt. and Mrs. R. N. Balfour, of Bushey, and The Mall, Montrose, Scotland, married Miss Margaret Ann (Peggy) Schlegel, younger daughter of the late Major C. F. Schlegel and of Mrs. Schlegel, of Northumberland and Peterborough, at Hampstead Parish Church



*Bridge — Bennett*

Mr. John H. Bridge, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Bridge, of New Malden, Surrey, married Miss Joyce Mary Bennett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Bennett, of New Malden, Surrey, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



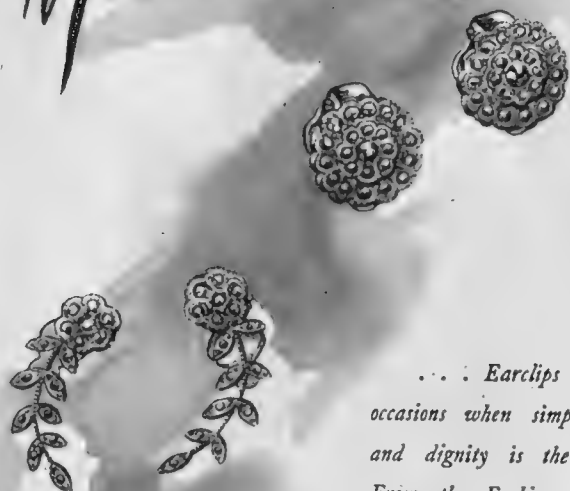
*Burchnall — Harris*

Mr. Michael Langley Burchnall, younger son of Professor and Mrs. J. L. Burchnall, of Observatory House, Durham, married Miss Pamela Margaret Harris, daughter of Canon and Mrs. G. H. Harris, of Rothbury Rectory, Northumberland, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy

*Suenson-Taylor — Moores*

The marriage took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, of Mr. Kenneth Suenson-Taylor, only son of Sir Alfred and Lady Suenson-Taylor, of 54, Prince's Gate, London, S.W.7, and Miss Betty Moores, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Moores, of Fairways, Freshfield, Lancashire

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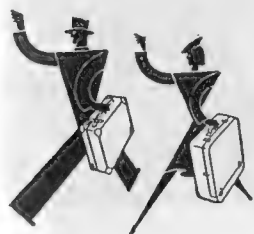
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# REVELATION

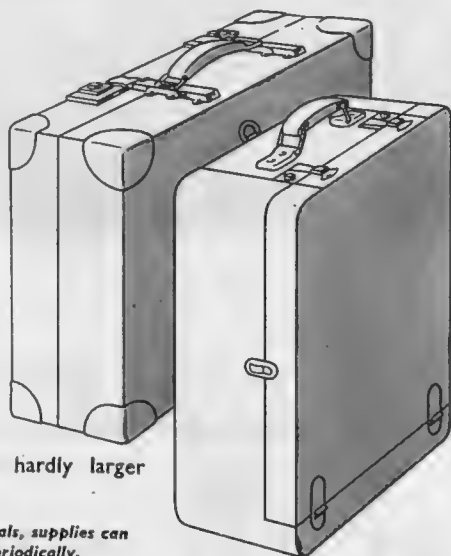
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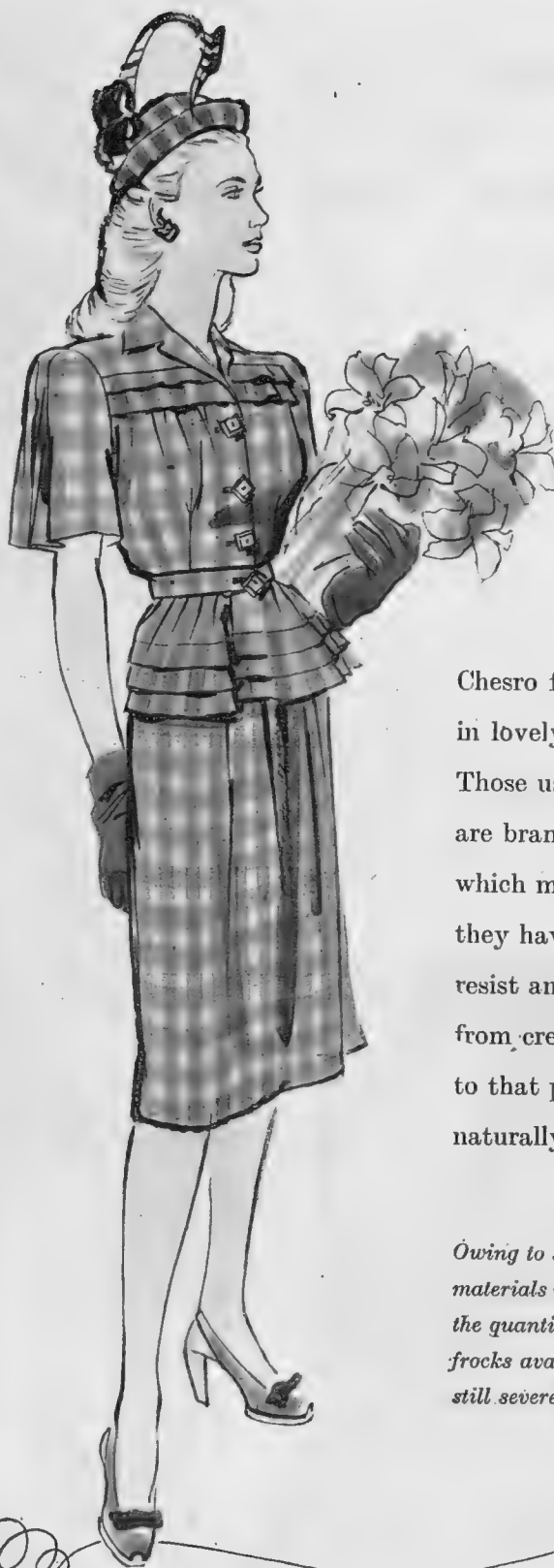
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**FASHION PAGE**

by

**Winifred Lewis***Right.*

The Harella coat in brown and beige broad herringbone tweed is cut on classic lines with a belted back. The price, 110s. 6d. from Dickins and Jones. The child's coat is a Berkeley Utility model typical of the range priced at 75s. 3d.

*Below.*

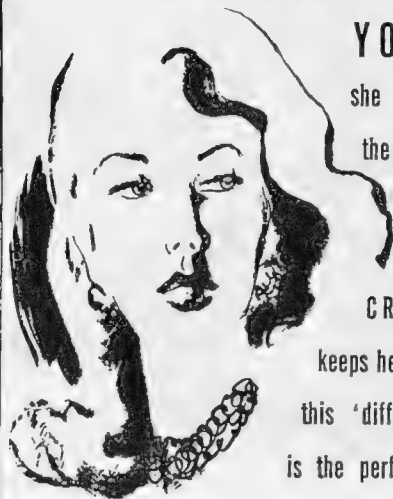
Mother and daughter wear Utility coats in matching colours. The grown-up Harella model is made in several attractive spring colours, price 122s. 7d. from Dickins and Jones. The little Berkeley coat is from a range costing 65s. 1d. at Derry and Toms. Personal shoppers only



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## The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Tunbridge

**Miss Jennifer Mary Roose Paton**, daughter of Lt.-Col. W. A. Paton, M.C., and Mrs. Paton of Norwich, has announced her engagement to Maj. John Roland Hunter, R.A., youngest son of the late Maj.-Gen. Sir Alan Hunter and the Hon. Lady Hunter of Oxford



Lenare

**Miss Doreen Constance Painter**, who has become engaged to Maj. Edward Bethell Garfit Clowes, the Queen's Royal Regiment, is the younger daughter of Col. G. W. A. Painter and Mrs. Painter of Kelsey House, Salisbury



Bassano

**The Hon. Christian Irby**, of the British Embassy, Brussels, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Boston, whose engagement has been announced to Capt. Etienne A. Humblet of the Belgian Army



Harlip

**Miss Jill Vlasto**, daughter of Mr. Jack Vlasto of The Cottage, Hurst, Berks, who is to be married in May to Mr. Robin Alexander Vlasto of Lavender Farm, Ascot. Mr. R. A. Vlasto is a nephew of the Countess of Northesk



**Miss Helene Gertrude Duffus**, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. C. Duffus of Claverhouse Mansions, near Dundee, who has announced her engagement to Capt. David Anderson Simpson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. David Simpson of Dundee



Pearl Freeman

**Miss Sheila Morris**, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Morris of Neville Court, N.W.8, is to marry next month Major J. G. Read, D.S.O., M.C., 43 Lt. Inf., eldest son of the late Mr. J. D. Read of Heathfield, Sussex, and of Mrs. Read of Cadogan Court, S.W.3



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## Oliver Stewart ON FLYING

ONCE before I have warned the traditional Briton against one of his favourite jokes; the joke about the way foreigners are impressed by forms, cards and much-stamped licences and documents. Now I must utter the warning once again, for the joke is no longer on the foreigner, but on us.

The introduction of the two new landing cards for light aeroplanes, the red card and the blue card, has drawn attention once more to the British worship of the written word. Today in order to drive to my place of business, do my work and drive home again, I must carry and am carrying eight different kinds of card, licence, coupon and certificate. The number that an aeroplane owner would need to carry in order to fly to his place of business would be much greater.

Admittedly the red and blue cards are merely season tickets. They consolidate landing fees at the aerodromes where landing is permitted and allow a reduction to be made in the amount. They do not, I hasten to add, do anything about allowing the bearer to land at the 250 "untouchable" aerodromes of the United Kingdom. To land at any of those aerodromes you must have an altogether different set of documents—probably counter-signed by the Atomic Bomb Board.

### Scope for the "Ultras"

A WELCOME must be given to the decision to hold the Manx air races at Whitsun. There is to be an air Derby and the Tynwald race, which is round the island. These events used to be highly popular, and I am sure that they will become so again directly there are a few more private aeroplanes about.

But it seems likely that, in the future, the ultra-light aeroplane will provide most of the air racing. Directly powers go up not only do the risks and the expenses of air racing go up in proportion, but the spectacular value goes down.

Except in very special events like the Schneider Trophy, air races for very fast machines must take place mostly out of sight of the spectators. You cannot tie a 500-miles-an-hour aeroplane to a five-mile circuit. But the ultra-light machine likes a small circuit.

In short, there are many reasons—and air racing is one of them—why the ultra-light aeroplane should make good progress.

### Rineanna's Great Move

MAKING the Shannon airport at Rineanna the world's first customs free airport was a really fine move. It is going to strengthen the airport's position and to make it of greater value to the general progress of civil flying than any other airport.

I do not understand the exact procedure which came into force on the 21st; but I gather that the airport zone of 800 acres gives complete customs freedom except where goods are to be traded into Eire.

Obviously notable advantages would be obtained by anyone using American or Continental equipment if an office or maintenance centre were established at the Shannon airport. And I am inclined to think that private flyers may find the special facilities useful.

Eire is one of the few countries which looks at aviation in the right way. She appreciates that unless one can break down customs, currency, passport and other national barriers, there can never be any real future in long-distance air transport. These barriers do not seem so troublesome when one travels slowly by ship and train. But when one flies they become intolerable and turn the whole process of accelerated travel into a farce.

### Redundant Navigators

MANY people will find themselves in agreement with Mr. Alan Butler's comments, at the Guild of Air Pilots' Dinner on April 10, on the future of the air navigator. The automatic aids are already multiplying with remarkable rapidity and eventually there can be little doubt that fussing about with the stars will be abandoned on all main air routes.

There will always be an advantage in understanding the principles of navigation; but such knowledge will not of itself be a full professional qualification. The methods of air navigation with radio aids are so much more direct, so much simpler to use, so much more in accord with modern practice that they must in the end supersede all others.

Fiddling about with charts and angular measurements has always looked somewhat anachronistic in an aeroplane. We began making good a track in the air with the aid of maps and map reading; then there was the hey-day of dead reckoning which was about 1913-14. After that came the application of full navigational methods of which aviation became rather excessively proud. It wanted to show that it knew as much about it as the sailors and it even imitated the sailors in that totally inappropriate measure the nautical mile and the knot.

Now I think we are beginning to develop a method of finding the way really matched to flying and not adapted from methods used for riding horses and sailing ships. So I feel that Mr. Butler has predicted correctly.



*Air Commodore A. V. Harvey, C.B.E., M.P. for Macclesfield, on holiday at St. Moritz. He is Vice-Chairman of the Conservative Civil Aviation Committee and is Chairman of the charter company Westminster Airways, which he started with G/Capt. Max Aitken*

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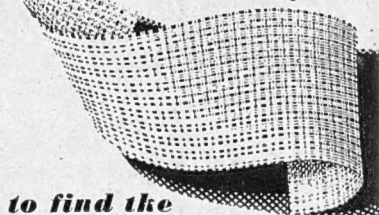


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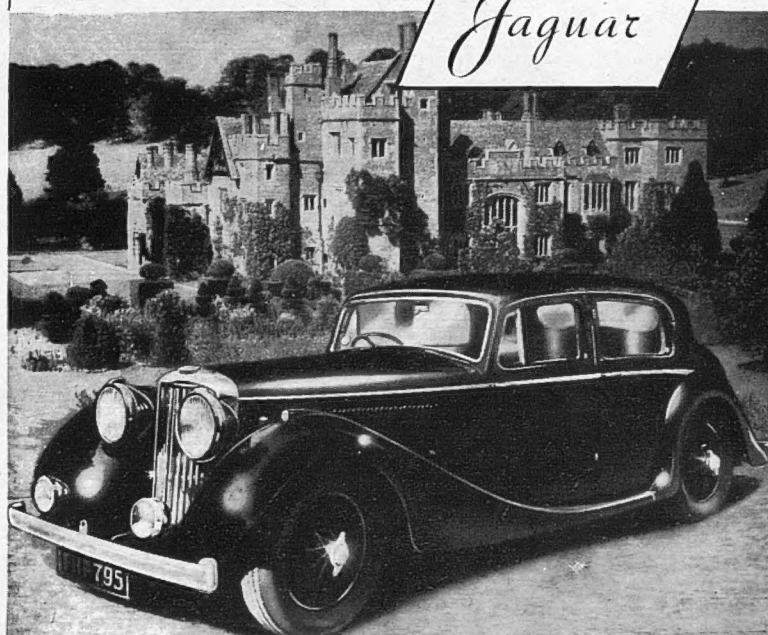
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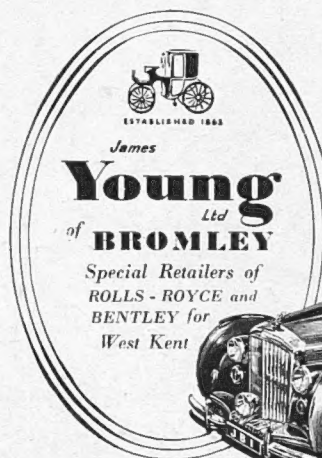
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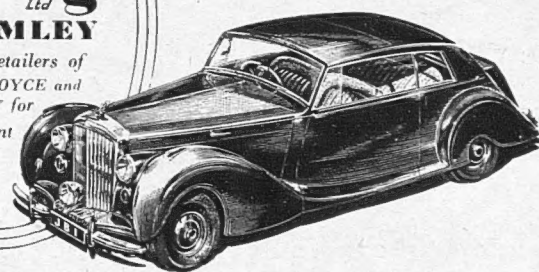
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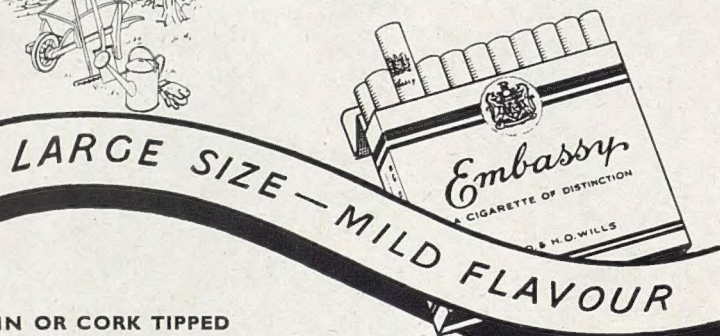
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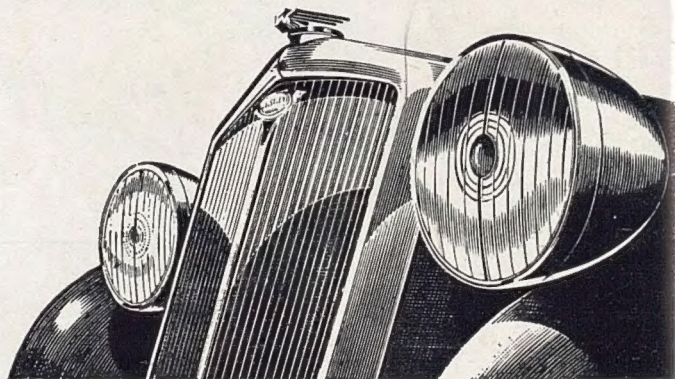
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